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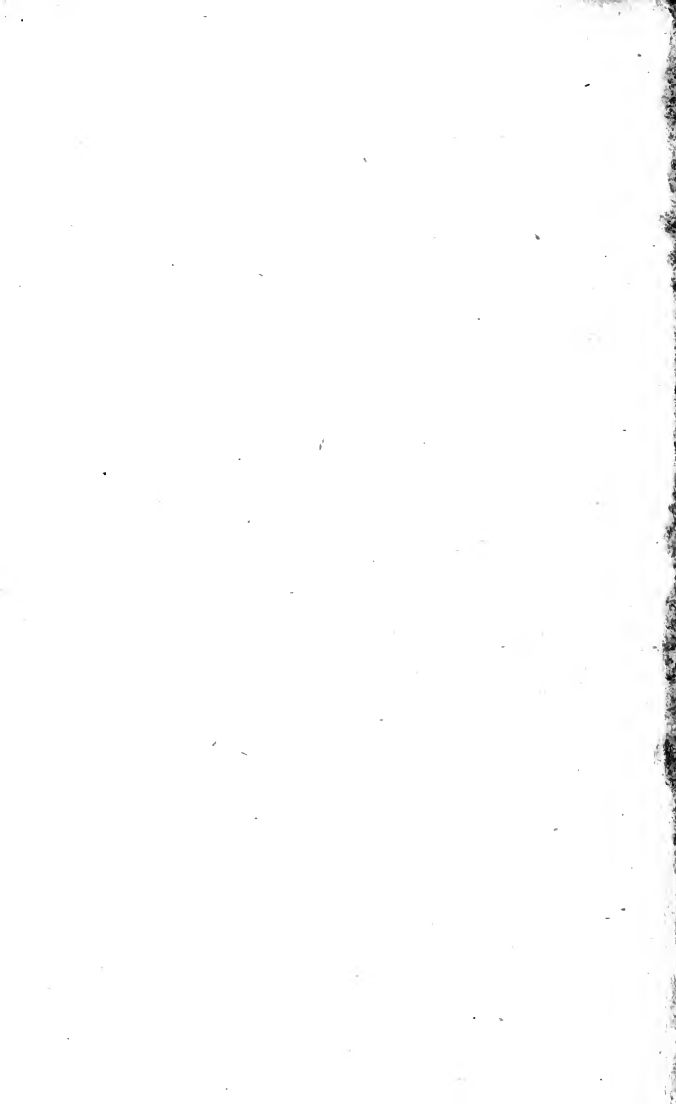
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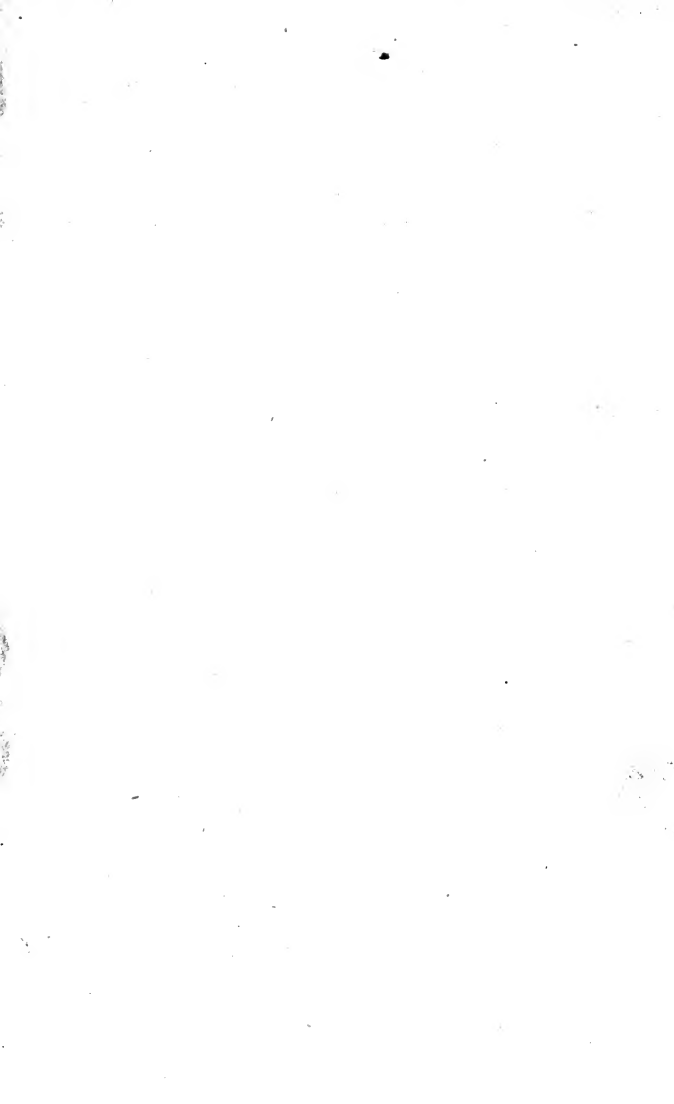
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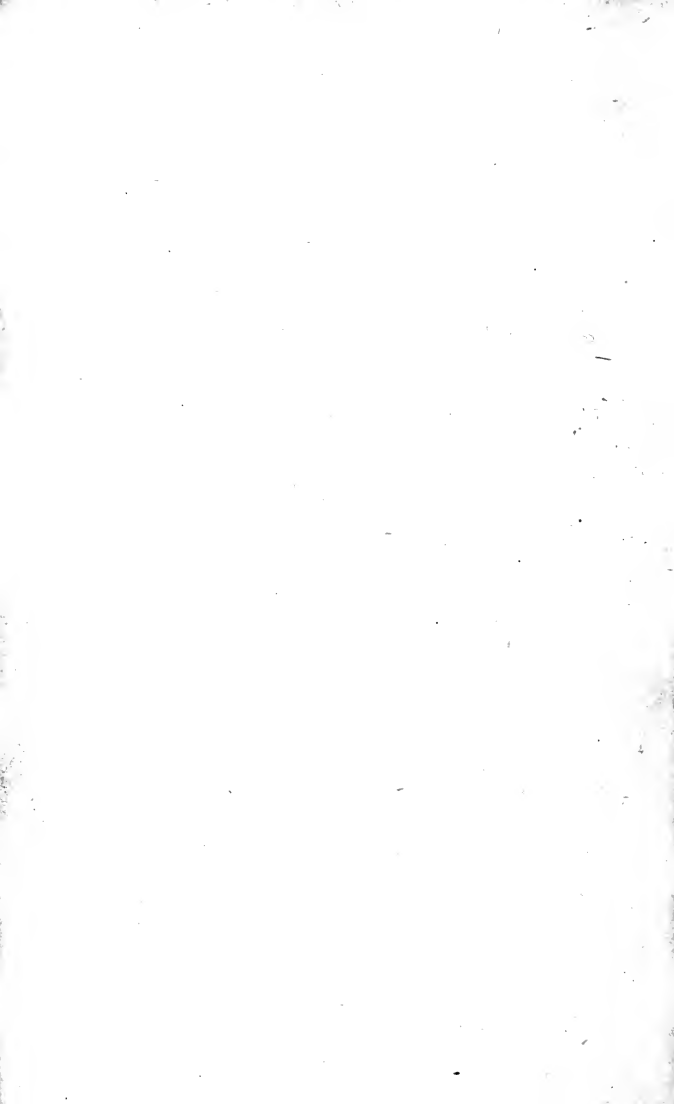
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W. W. Strickland
CORIOLANUS

William Shakespeare

EDITED BY

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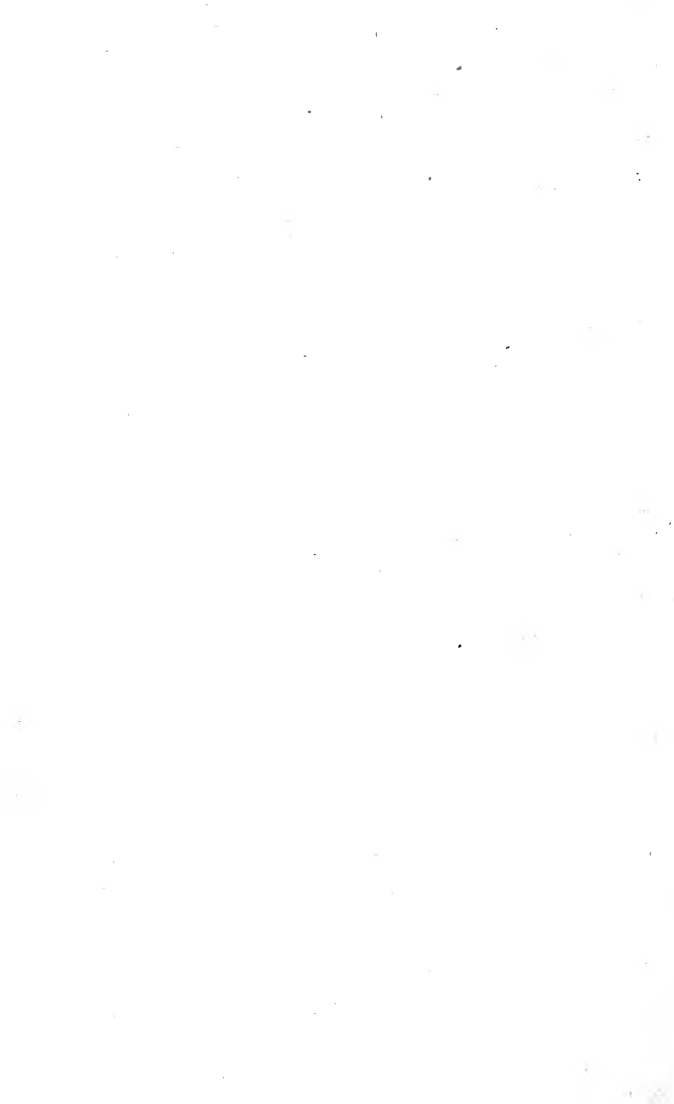
LATE FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, AND ASSISTANT
MASTER IN RUGBY SCHOOL

NEW EDITION

RIVINGTONS

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INTRODUCTION

THE argument of the Play is as follows. There is a famine in Rome ; the poor are starving. Patrician selfishness—with its justice for the rich, its legislation for the privileged—above all, its cruel “edicts for usury, to support usurers”—has done its worst. The men of the commons, who till now have patiently fought the battles of the republic, can live no longer on these terms. They make known their wants in a voice which “generosity” dares not disobey. They must have bread—the contents of the well-stocked storehouses of the city must be distributed, gratis, or at a price which all can pay : and, for the future, they must have Protectors—five Tribunes, of their own number and of their own choice. Both demands are granted : and the storm of indignation, averted, grows itself away.

But we already foresee that it will return, to pour out its concentrated violence on the head of one man. One man, of all the Patricians, dares to “repine” at the distribution of the corn : “rogues,” “curs,” “hares,” “geese,” and “fragments” he calls the angry people to their faces, and swears that “ere the rabble should have so prevailed” with him, to grant them Tribunes of their own for their protection, they “should have first unroofed the city.” For CAIUS MARCIUS, proud son of a proud mother, has an ungovernable tongue, and has been accustomed all his life to despise Plebeians.

Scarcely, however, are the people satisfied, when to

MARCIUS, still in full torrent of abuse, is brought the news that a Volscian army is in the field, and that he, under COMINIUS, is to lead the Roman levies. With the Senators who bring the news come two of the new Tribunes, BRUTUS and SICINIUS, who have already marked out MARCIUS as their enemy, and talk of him (behind his back) as spitefully as he contemptuously of them.

The Volscian army, commanded by AUFIDIUS, of old the especial enemy and rival of the Roman MARCIUS, is encamped near to Corioli. The Romans advance in two divisions to meet the army and to assault the town. The two battles are simultaneous. Corioli is taken; and the Roman triumph is due to the prowess of MARCIUS, who sustains the battle at the critical minute, within the gates of the town, single-handed against a multitude. Thence, "masked in blood," he hastens to the help of COMINIUS. The Romans have fought "at disadvantage" and retired: but MARCIUS leads them to victory. He vanquishes AUFIDIUS in single combat, and the best of the Volscian troops give way before him. Returning in triumph to the camp, he receives, with applause of all the army, the surname of CORIOLANUS. But AUFIDIUS swears to be revenged upon him, by fair means or by foul. (ACT I.)

He comes to Rome: and his pride and scorn of the commons seems to be forgotten. A thunder of applause attends his progress through the crowded streets. Only the Tribunes stand apart, and calculate that this is the pride after which the fall will come. COMINIUS recounts his exploits to the assembled Senators. It is proposed to make him Consul: and the Tribunes are enjoined by a unanimous vote of the Senate to procure his election by the people. At first CORIOLANUS declines to submit to the humiliating formalities of candidature—the "custom of request," to stand in the Forum dressed in the "gown of humility," asking for "voices" for his wounds' sake. But he goes: and, having with humorous audacity at once

insulted the voters and secured the votes, is "admitted" to be Consul. The votes, however, are no sooner given than the voters, prompted by their Tribunes, reflect that they have been "mocked" and "flouted." An inarticulate puzzled murmur of discontent begins and spreads. The Tribunes give it voice. It is not yet too late: let them repair to the Capitol, and there "revoke their sudden approbation." (ACT II.)

Presently CORIOLANUS, going to be installed as Consul in the Forum, is met by the Tribunes, and warned that the people are incensed. He angrily justifies himself: and then with weighty arguments, enforced by rhetoric as vehement as it is ill-timed, assails the institution of the Tribunate, and calls upon the Senators to abolish it. This is all that the Tribunes could desire: "he has spoken like a traitor," they exclaim, "and shall answer as traitors do." An attempt is made to arrest him: but, in the general uproar which follows, the Tribunes and their supporters are discomfited, and CORIOLANUS withdraws. "To the Tarpeian rock with him" is now the cry: but here MENENIUS, pleasantest of Senators, and staunchest friend of CORIOLANUS, interposes with the shrewd good sense that never fails, and persuades the angry Tribunes to be satisfied with his promise, that he will bring CORIOLANUS to stand his trial before the people. To persuade CORIOLANUS is a harder task. Nor is it indeed MENENIUS, but the proud mother, VOLUMNIA herself, who, disowning her son's pride whilst she applauds his valour, at last prevails on him to go. "Mildly: the word is mildly"—so schooling himself, he goes. Arrived in the Forum, where the people are assembled according to their tribes to try him, one of the Tribunes charges him with treason. At once he forgets his prudence and his promise, and in a furious outbreak of passion consigns his enemies to the nethermost hellfires. He is banished. "Curs," as he turns to go, he thunders out, "*I banish you.*" (ACT III.) He says not a word of revenge. To his wife and mother

and friends, at parting, he gives no hint of such a purpose, or of any purpose. Only he promises them that they shall hear from him, and hear of him nothing that is unlike him. But whilst his mother at Rome is cursing the Tribunes to their faces, and whilst at Antium the Volscian army lies in readiness, waiting only the signal to be on foot for Rome, CORIOLANUS is making his way in silence from Rome to Antium. Arrived, he goes straight to the house of AUFIDIUS, and offers himself and his revenge to the Volscian service, to fight against his countrymen with "the spleen of all the under-fiends." AUFIDIUS welcomes him with enthusiasm : and at once entrusts him with the command of half the Volscian army. The Volscian army enters the Roman territory, destroying as it goes. All at Rome is consternation : the Tribunes are uneasy : and the "clusters" recollect that, "when they said Banish him, they said 'Twas pity." The Volscians meanwhile begin to resent the arrogance of their new general. AUFIDIUS already is sorry for his rash fit of generosity, and consoles himself with calculating that, as before at Rome so now again at Antium, the triumph of CORIOLANUS will be the opportunity of his enemies. (ACT IV.) The Volscian army sits down before the gates of Rome. In all the panic-stricken city no man speaks of resistance : that the prayers of his friends may move CORIOLANUS to have mercy is the one hope that remains. But his friends, first COMINIUS, then MENENIUS, intercede in vain. Then his mother and his wife, and VALERIA the noble sister of PUBLICOLA, take with them his child and go to him. Here, and here only, through his love for child and wife and mother, the compassion of CORIOLANUS can be reached. The eloquence of VOLUMNIA prevails. He consents to make peace : forewarning his mother that, though happily for Rome, most dangerously, perhaps fatally, for him, she has prevailed with him in this. So he returns to Antium. There, in a public place, in presence of the lords of the city, AUFIDIUS charges him with treason.

He answers fiercely, and in the confusion that ensues is murdered, according to a preconcerted plan, by AUFIDIUS and a party of his friends. (ACT V.)

Shakspeare's authority for this, as well as for the other Roman Plays, *Julius Cæsar* and *Antony and Cleopatra*, was Sir Thomas North's translation (pub. 1579) of the French translation of Plutarch by Amyot (pub. 1559). This was probably the latest of the three. Its date is not known; but the conjectural date (1610) assigned to it by Malone has been generally accepted as a near approximation to the truth. In style and versification *Antony and Cleopatra* and *Troilus and Cressida* (the former entered in the books of the Stationers' Company in 1608, the latter printed in 1609) are the Plays which most nearly resemble *Coriolanus*. *Timon of Athens* seems to have been written also in 1610; and *The Tempest* and *The Winter's Tale* in 1611. *Julius Cæsar* is referred by Professor Gervinus to the same period with *Othello* and *Hamlet*, 1600-2.

Shakspeare follows his original for the most part closely: the speeches, for example, of CORIOLANUS (ACT IV. SC. 5), and of VOLUMNIA (ACT V. SC. 3), are taken almost *verbatim* from North. But, for the sake of dramatic effect and unity, he has somewhat condensed the story. The passage of events from the institution of Tribunes to the death of CORIOLANUS, occupies in the legend six years. In the Play it is continuous, with no longer interval than is required for the march from Rome to Antium, or from Antium to Rome. In the mutiny with which the Play begins, the Plebeians urge two demands, for Tribunes and for corn. In other words, the secession to the Sacred Mount provoked by the cruel law of debt is combined with the later outbreak, when CORIOLANUS would have dissuaded the Senate from distributing the contents of the Sicilian corn-ships. The antagonism between the Tribunes and CORIOLANUS is by this means set before us

all the more pointedly in the opening scene. In Plutarch, again, it is for his speech about the corn that CORIOLANUS is impeached, and the impeachment follows close upon the speech ; but in Shakspeare, though this is mainly the cause of his rejection for the Consulship, he is afterwards accused before the people of later offences, of having spoken against the Tribunate, and of resisting the Tribunes' officers, the Ædiles.

The Play contains some of Shakspeare's most startling anachronisms of detail, such as the allusions to Cato and to Galen, to divines and to churchyards. Nor must it be supposed that even in its general outline we have an altogether correct picture of place and time. These Romans who run away in battle are not the sturdy Roman yeomen of the early republic. They are too like the city rabble of a later time. Correspondingly the Tribunes show too much of the demagogue, their later *rôle*, too little of their original character, Protectors of the Poor. But, whatever the accuracy of the historical form, it is certain that Shakspeare, by the reality and life with which he has reanimated this story of the beginning of the conflicts between the orders, has given us a glimpse of more than dramatic value, perhaps the most vivid glimpse we get, of their depth of "moral and political disgrace." We must not fall into the mistake, against which Professor Gervinus warns us, of supposing that the political substratum is the subject of the Play. But the character of CORIOLANUS and the character of the times explain each other : and the drama which illustrates one by the other makes both intelligible.

"It is a powerful rather than a pleasant impression," as Gervinus says, "which we carry away from the consideration of this play, and of the character which fills it." There is little or no beauty to attract us in the subject or the style. In the comic passages we are thoroughly at home from the first. Good-natured MENENIUS making his fun of the "mutinous Citizens, with staves, clubs, and

other weapons"—CORIOLANUS in the "gown of humility," choking between mirth and spleen, whilst honest voters by twos and threes sniff round him and promise him their votes—the belated but discriminative sagacity evinced by the conversation of the Volscian serving-men—all these produce their effect at once. But the style of the tragic scenes is always severe; singularly, for Shakspeare, terse and unadorned; with very occasional pathos, and, by comparison, very few felicities. It is also often very difficult to understand, provocative of commentators, and hardly to be disentangled from their serviceable meshes. Moreover, the character of CORIOLANUS is not easily mastered, and seems at first harsh and repellent. His violent outbreaks of passion and intemperate speech are undignified and unlovely. His incapacity of sympathy with any but his peers is as a curse of sterility upon his nature. And what can be said of his pride and his ambition but that they are intolerable?

But let us remember that on his worst side he represents to us the realized Patrician ideal, the ideal of his peers. He is the perfection of the Roman *virtus* of that uncivilized time: exaggerated, only because the ideal is so narrow and the nature of the man so intense. The ideal demands indeed a noble integrity of soul: it demands also that, for the sake of his class, a man shall make it his one aim to do bravely, raising himself thereby and his class with him to an eminence of glory where he and they may be at least unassailable by, if possible unaware of, the accursed ones outside the pale. And if (surprising possibility) hunger and misery arm themselves to assail, and indeed assail, the sacred height—nay, are found in act of scrambling upon the Capitoline platform itself—what then? There are no precedents. Yes there is one. Eagerly it is tried, but without avail. Sonorous hissing henceforth wakes Manlius in vain. The ideal is helpless. Manlius is hurled down his own Tarpeian.

This is the tragedy. CORIOLANUS is first starved and impoverished by an ideal from which he has no escape, an ideal which as in duty bound he satisfies, and more than satisfies: and then he is annihilated by it. And the cruellest of the tragedy is this, that he possesses in himself in high perfection that very capacity—namely, of sympathy—which the ideal proscribes, the obedient renunciation of which is his ruin. Consider his beautiful love and reverence for “the most noble mother of the world”—VOLUMNIA, the splendid Patrician woman without sympathy, who “framed” him. Three times in the Play she, for a purpose, untightens the strain of his nature; and he, for his love for her, submits. Or his still more beautiful and tender love for his wife VIRGILIA, Patrician indeed, but so unlike the type—“best of his flesh,” his “gracious silence,” whose kiss is sweeter to him than revenge. Or, again, his friendship for MENENIUS, the old man who worships him, whose heart is cracked by his enforced unkindness. How alien all this is from the mere Patrician mould of selfish isolation into which his nature is, for the rest, compressed. But it may be urged that, had his nature been truly generous, he would have practically recoiled from such excesses of insolence and of revenge—however logically forced upon him by the triple combination of aggressive Plebeians, narrow Patrician ideal, and boiling pent-up energy of soul. Can we not, on the contrary, almost put ourselves at his standpoint and sympathize with him? Are not the Tribunes ignoble, malevolent, treacherous, mean? And are not the people cowardly, foolish, fickle, *without* an ideal, led through the nose by demagogues? He seems not to have *believed* in the starvation and misery of the commons when they clamoured for corn: and it is certain that the idea of patriotism, in the largest sense, was impossible to him. The Patricians were, to him, his countrymen; and the Plebeians, since the institution of the Tribunate, his countrymen’s worst enemies. This misconception was at

the root of the mischief: but his *sin*, his treason, was not that he was ready to fight against his country, but that he was ready to involve his friends in one common destruction with his foes.

Compare CORIOLANUS, lastly, with AUFIDIUS. The hearts of both men are set upon glory. Both men are cruelly revengeful. AUFIDIUS too is noble sometimes, but only sometimes. He can be envious; and this, (in spite of his accusation of himself, "I sin in envying his nobility," and the slander of the Tribunes, that he submits to be commanded by COMINIUS only that he may have the honours for himself and let the faults be charged to his superior), CORIOLANUS cannot be. And, what is most unlike the true CORIOLANUS, the Volscian can conceal a purpose, calculate an opportunity, spring treacherously upon an unsuspecting foe. He has, nevertheless, bursts of nobleness. His welcome of CORIOLANUS (the most eloquent passage in the Play) is the expression of a real, though transient, enthusiasm.

What is the dramatic fitness, dramatic teaching, of the death of CORIOLANUS by the hand of AUFIDIUS? Is it not that CORIOLANUS is in this most *false to himself*—that, to effect his revenge, he allies himself with, so debases himself to the level of, a meaner nature? How unlike him, how like AUFIDIUS, the silence as to his purpose of revenge in which he parts from his friends when he leaves Rome; the silence of his journey to Antium; and, most of all, the cynical cold speech which breaks the silence as he passes through the streets of Antium to the house of AUFIDIUS. In all this he is dishonest, unnatural; revenge has warped the straightness of his soul. Had he been true to his nature, he would have been still the foe of AUFIDIUS, and, as a foe, he leads a life charmed against all possible assaults. It is as if his magnificent honesty had been the panoply of the man, and that here he discovers for the first time a vulnerable point. It seems that his nobleness, exaggerated by all the circumstances of his

life—the milk he has sucked, the very air he has breathed—gives away at last and cracks under the over-strain of the conflict with the Tribunes : and though, when the strain has abated, the man becomes natural again, himself again, the fatal crack remains, and admits the knife of the assassin.

We have seen how stormy excesses of passion, through the shock and breach of the sacred ties of country and of blood, avenge themselves—in *Coriolanus*, as in *Lear* and in *Macbeth*. We do not know what it was that, in this latest period of his works, so constantly attracted Shakspeare to the theme of *impiety*, of unnatural hate and ingratitude and treason. Events may to some extent have shaped his thoughts. It has been suggested that *Julius Cæsar* was written not without reference to the rebellion of the Earl of Essex. And we may suppose that in *Coriolanus* Shakspeare intended a twofold warning, to the pride of James and to the gathering resistance of the Commons. The first of the Stuart kings had lost no time in propounding his theory of kingship. From the first meeting of his first parliament to its dissolution in this year 1610, there were continual bickerings between King and Commons. "His command upon our allegiance," they said, "is like the roaring of a lion." The straining of the prerogative and the doctrine of the duty of passive obedience were met by statements of grievances, by the assertion of the privileges of parliament, and in February of this year by a Remonstrance against illegal impositions.

But the lesson of *Coriolanus* (standing as it does among the plays of this period) is less political than moral. Between the haughtiness of the aristocrat and the clamour of the demagogue there is little to choose : both are excess. Man is violent, but the Erinys of violence is sure : in moderation, not excess, is strength.

We do not find ideals, political or moral, upon the stage of Shakspeare. All that moves there is real. But it is there as in the life which is there portrayed : those who

have eyes to see can discern, through the distempered atmosphere of the actual, the presence of an all-controlling law. Violence may drown the voice of reason and of conscience ; but reason and conscience assert themselves at last. Disorder yields to order : and the anarchic impulses of men obey the calm supremacy of right.

For Shakspeare, like Sophocles, is a harmonist of discords : himself harmonious, whole, he sees the whole, and not the part, and sees that all is good.

RUGBY, *November 1872.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

CAIUS MARCIUS, afterwards CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS.

TITUS LARTIUS, }
COMINIUS, } generals against the Volscians.

MENENIUS AGRIPPA, friend to Coriolanus.

SICINIUS VELUTUS, }
JUNIUS BRUTUS, } tribunes of the people.

Young MARCIUS, son to Coriolanus.

A Roman Herald.

TULLUS AUFIDIUS, general of the Volscians.

Lieutenant to Aufidius.

Conspirators with Aufidius.

A Citizen of Antium.

Two Volscian Guards.

VOLUMNIA, mother to Coriolanus.

VIRGILIA, wife to Coriolanus.

VALERIA, friend to Virgilia.

Gentlewoman, attending on Virgilia.

Roman and Volscian Senators, Patricians, Ædiles, Lictors,
Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, Servants to Aufidius,
and other Attendants.

SCENE : *Rome and the neighbourhood ; Corioli and the
neighbourhood ; Antium.*

* * For convenience of reference, the numbering of the lines is that of the Globe edition. Some additional notes on the words marked with an asterisk (*) will be found in the Glossary at the end of the volume.

C O R I O L A N U S

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Rome. A street.*

Enter a company of mutinous CITIZENS, with staves, clubs, and other weapons.

FIRST CIT. Before we proceed any further, hear me speak.

ALL. Speak, speak.

FIRST CIT. You are all resolved rather to die than to famish.

ALL. Resolved, resolved.

FIRST CIT. First, you know Caius Marcius is chief enemy to the people.

ALL. We know't, we know't.

FIRST CIT. Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict? II

ALL. No more talking on't; let it be done: away, away!

SEC. CIT. One word, good citizens.

FIRST CIT. We are accounted poor citizens, the patricians good. What authority surfeits on would relieve us;

ACT I.—SCENE I. Rome in tumult. The starving commons clamorous for corn at their own price. Here, the rioters are kept amused and quiet by Menenius, till Marcius brings the news that elsewhere their companions are appeased. The patricians have granted their demands: they are to have tribunes to defend them; and (as appears afterwards) corn is to be given them gratis. Shakspeare's rearrangement of his historical materials has been noticed in the Introduction.

II *Is't a verdict? Are we agreed?*

16 *Good.* In the monied sense—safe, substantial, sound of credit. So Shylock (Merchant of Venice, i. 3, 15), “My meaning in saying Ant6nio is a good man is to have you understand that he is sufficient.” *Authority.* Our rulers.

rake = an ill conditioned dog.

if they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely; but they think we are too dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance* is a gain to them. Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes: for the gods know I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.

SEC. CIT. Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?

ALL. Against him first: he's a very dog to the commonalty. 29

SEC. CIT. Consider you what services he has done for his country?

FIRST CIT. Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.

SEC. CIT. Nay, but speak not maliciously.

FIRST CIT. I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft-conscienced men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and to be partly proud: which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue. 41

SEC. CIT. What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him. You must in no way say he is covetous.

FIRST CIT. If I must not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with surplus, to tire in repetition. [*Shouts within.*] What shouts are these? The other side o' the city is risen: why stay we prating here? to the Capitol!

ALL. Come, come.

FIRST CIT. Soft! who comes here? 50

17 *If they would yield us, &c.* Small proof of humanity, that the poor man should be allowed to eat of the crumbs which fall from the rich man's table; yet at least this might have been *supposed* humane. But no, this they account too lavish: what Lazarus *has not*, be it but a crumb, that Dives *has*: the "misery" of the one is the "abundance" of the other, the "sufferance" of the one the other's "gain."

24 *Ere we become rakes.* Cp. Spenser, *Faery Queen*, ii. 11, 22—
"His body lean and meagre as a rake."

41 *To be partly proud.* Partly for his mother's sake, partly the sake of his own pride. See Abbott, *Sh. G.*, 420; and cp. *Much Ado*, ii. 1, 143, "only his gift."

Enter MENENIUS AGRIPPA.

SEC. CIT. Worthy Menenius Agrippa; one that hath always loved the people.

FIRST CIT. He's one honest enough: would all the rest were so!

MEN. What work's, my countrymen, in hand? where *stoffs* go you

With *bats** and clubs? The matter? speak, I pray you.

FIRST CIT. Our business is not unknown to the senate; they have had inkling this fortnight what we intend to do, which now we'll show 'em in deeds. They say poor suitors have strong breaths: they shall know we have strong arms too. 62

MEN. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours,
Will you undo yourselves?

FIRST CIT. We cannot, sir, we are undone already.

MEN. I tell you, friends, most charitable care
Have the patricians of you. For your wants,
Your suffering in this dearth, you may as well
Strike at the heaven with your staves as lift them 70
Against the Roman state, whose course will on
The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs
Of more strong link asunder than can ever
Appear in your impediment. For the dearth,
The gods, not the patricians, make it, and
Your knees to them, not arms, must help. Alack,
You are transported by calamity
Thither where more attends you, and you slander
The helms o' the state, who care for you like fathers,
When you curse them as enemies. 80

FIRST CIT. Care for us! True, indeed! They ne'er
cared for us yet: suffer us to famish, and their store-
houses crammed with grain; make edicts for usury, to
support usurers; repeal daily any wholesome act estab-

74 *In your impediment.* In any hindrance of your making.

76 *Your knees to them, not arms.* Your knees to gods, not arms against patricians.

78 *Thither where more attends you.* To excesses which fresh sufferings must expiate.

84 Edicts for the repression of usury, made now and now unmade, and always for the protection of the usurers. "On the occasion of a late expedition against the Sabines, their

lished against the rich, and provide more piercing statutes daily, to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us.

MEN. Either you must
90
Confess yourselves wondrous malicious,
Or be accused of folly. I shall tell you
A pretty tale: it may be you have heard it:
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To scale't* a little more.

FIRST CIT. Well, I'll hear it, sir: yet you must not think to fob* off our disgrace with a tale: but, an't please you, deliver.

MEN. There was a time when all the body's members
Rebell'd against the belly, thus accused it: 100
That only like a gulf it did remain
I' the midst o' the body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest, where* the other instruments
Did see and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And, mutually participate,* did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answer'd—

FIRST CIT. Well, sir, what answer made the belly? 110

MEN. Sir, I shall tell you. With a kind of smile,
Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus—
For, look you, I may make the belly smile
As well as speak—it tauntingly replied
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts
That envied his* receipt: even so most fitly,

creditors promised to treat them with more lenity; and, in pursuance of a decree of the senate, M. Valerius, the consul, was guarantee of that promise. But, when they were returned victorious, they found that the usurers made them no abatement, and that the senate pretended to remember nothing of that agreement."—PLUTARCH.

95 *Scale't* Ff. *Stale't* Theobald conj., adopted by most editors. See Glossary.

112 *But even thus.* 'When you have said that, you have described it.' A smile that had no laughter in it. Cp. As You Like It, ii. 7, 30, "My lungs began to crow like chanticleer."

116 *Envied his receipt.* 'Grudged that the belly should receive all good things.'

ib. *Most fitly.* 'A parallel most exact.'

As you malign our senators for that*

They are not such as you.

FIRST CIT. Your belly's answer—what?

The kingly-crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier, 120
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabric, if that* they—

MEN. What then?

'Fore me, this fellow speaks! What then? what then?

FIRST CIT. Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd,
Who is the sink o' the body,—

MEN. Well, what then?

FIRST CIT. The former agents, if they did complain,
What could the belly answer?

MEN. I will tell you:

If you'll bestow a small—of what you have little—
Patience awhile, you'll hear the belly's answer. 130

FIRST CIT. Ye're long about it.

MEN. Note me this, good friend;

Your most grave belly was deliberate,
Not rash like his accusers, and thus answer'd:
'True is it, my incorporate friends,' quoth he,
'That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon; and fit it is,
Because I am the store-house and the shop
Of the whole body: but, if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart—to the seat o' the brain; 140
And, through the cranks* and offices* of man,
The strongest nerves and small inferior veins
From me receive that natural competency*
Whereby they live: and though that* all at once,
You, my good friends,—this says the belly, mark me,—

124 'As I live, the man's an orator!'

132 *Your most grave belly.* This use of the pronoun, by grammarians called 'ethical' (analogous to the *mihi* of 'Quid mihi Celsus agit?' and the *me* of 'note me this, good friend') puts the matter, for liveliness, as personal to the person addressed. Cp. Mids. N. D. iii. 1, 33; "To bring in a lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild fowl than *your lion* living."

140 'To the heart *and* to the brain.' Heart, brain, and nerves alike depend upon the belly.

FIRST CIT. Ay, sir ; well, well.

MEN.

‘ Though all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my audit* up, that all
From me do back receive the flour of all,
And leave me but the bran.’ What say you to’t? 150

FIRST CIT. It was an answer : how apply you this ?

MEN. The senators of Rome are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members ; for examine
Their counsels and their cares, digest things rightly
Touching the weal* o’ the common, you shall find
No public benefit which you receive
But it proceeds or comes from them to you
And no way from yourselves. What do you think,
You, the great toe of this assembly ?

FIRST CIT. I the great toe ! why the great toe ? 160

MEN. For that, being one o’ the lowest, basest, poorest,
Of this most wise rebellion, thou go’st foremost :
Thou, rascal,* that art worst in blood to run, *this deer*,
Lead’st first to win some vantage.
But make you ready your stiff bats* and clubs :
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle ;
The one side must have bale.*

148 *Make my audit up, that . . .* : ‘ Prove by the black and white of my accounts that . . . ’

155 *The weal o’ the common* = The common weal, or wealth. ‘ The common,’ used substantively, as (Julius Cæsar, ii. 1, 12), ‘ the general ’—

“ I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general.”

159 *Assembly*. Pronounced as four syllables (as if ‘ as-semble-y’). Cp. Two Gent. i. 3, 84, “ O how this spring of love resembleth.” ib. ii. 4, 210, “ And that hath dazzled my reason’s light.” As You Like It, ii. 2, 13, “ The parts and graces of the wrestler.”

163 *Rascal* and *in blood* are hunting terms. A *rascal* is a lean deer, out of condition. *In blood* is said of a stag that is in good condition, ‘ game,’ high-spirited. ‘ You, the worst conditioned of the herd, are, for your own advantage, their leader.’ Cp. 1 Henry VI. iv. 2, 48—

“ If we be English deer, be then *in blood* :
Not *rascal-like*, to fall down with a pinch,
But rather, moody-mad and desperate stags,
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel.”

And *infra*, iv. 5, 225.

Enter CAIUS MARCIUS.

Hail, noble Marcius !

MAR. Thanks. What's the matter, you dissentious rogues,
That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make yourselves scabs ?

FIRST CIT. We have ever your good word. 170

MAR. He that will give good words to thee will
flatter

Beneath abhorring. What would you have, you curs,
That like not peace nor war? the one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares :
Where foxes, geese : you are no surer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is
To make him worthy whose offence subdues him
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness
Deserves your hate ; and your affections are 181
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil. He that depends
Upon your favours swims with fins of lead
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye ! Trust ye?
With every minute you do change a mind,
And call him noble that was now your hate,
Him vile that was your garland. What's the matter,
That in these several places of the city
You cry against the noble senate, who, 190
Under the gods, keep you in awe, which else
Would feed on one another? What's their seeking?

MEN. For corn at their own rates ; whereof, they
say,
The city is well stored.

MAR. Hang 'em ! They say !

169 *The poor itch of your opinion.* A mangle of discontented fancies—inflamed with scratching.

178 So soon your ardour is cooled, your resolution melted.

179 'To extol the worth of the offender who has met with deserved disgrace, and curse the justice by which he fell' ('which did it').

188 'Of whom you were so proud, you wore him as a garland.'

They'll sit by the fire, and presume to know
 What's done i' the Capitol; who's like to rise,
 Who thrives and who declines; side factions and give out
 Conjectural marriages; making parties strong
 And feebling such as stand not in their liking
 Below their cobbled shoes. They say there's grain enough!
 Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,* 201
 And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry*
 With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
 As I could pick* my lance.

MEN. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded;
 For though abundantly they lack discretion, *οξυνοειν*
 Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you, *A*
 What says the other troop?

MAR. They are dissolved: hang 'em!
 They said they were an-hungry*; sigh'd forth proverbs,
 That hunger broke stone walls, that dogs must eat, 210
 That meat was made for mouths, that the gods sent not
 Corn for the rich men only: with these shreds
 They vented their complainings; which being answer'd,
 And a petition granted them, a strange one—
 To break the heart of generosity,
 And make bold power look pale—they threw their caps
 As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,
 Shouting their emulation.*

MEN. What is granted them?

MAR. Five tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdoms,
 Of their own choice: one is Junius Brutus, 220

195 'Fire' to be pronounced as two syllables: so Julius
 Cæsar, iii. 1, 171—

"As fire drives out fire, so pity pity."

"Than *tir'd* eyelids upon *tir'd* eyes."—TENNYSON, *Lotos Eaters*.
 So below, i. 4, 2, *yours*.

197 'Part factions'; 'range well-known names on this side
 and on that, conjecture marriages also that shall strengthen these
 and weaken those; till, in their talk, friends win the day, and
 foes are trampled under foot.'

212 'These scraps and shreds of speech.'

215 'Which they suppose will sap the strength of the patri-
 cian spirit.' *Generosity*, the sentiment (class feeling) of the
generous, i.e. the noble. (So Meas. for Meas. iv. 6, 13: "The
 generous and gravest citizens.")

220 *Choice* has the time of two syllables, the voice resting on
 the diphthong. See Abbott, Sh. G., 484.

Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—'Sdeath !
The rabble should have first unroof'd the city
Ere so prevail'd with me : it will in time
Win upon power and throw forth greater themes
For insurrection's arguing.

MEN. This is strange.

MAR. Go, get you home, you fragments !

Enter a Messenger, hastily.

MESS. Where's Caius Marcius ?

MAR. Here : what's the matter ?

MESS. The news is, sir, the Volsces are in arms.

MAR. I am glad on't : then we shall ha' means to vent
Our musty superfluity. See, our best elders. 230

*Enter COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, and other Senators ;
JUNIUS BRUTUS and SICINIUS VELUTUS.*

FIRST SEN. Marcius, 'tis true that you have lately told
us ;

The Volsces are in arms.

MAR. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to 't.

I sin in envying his nobility,
And were I anything but what I am,
I would wish me only he.

COM. You have fought together.

MAR. Were half to half the world by the ears, and he
Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
Only my wars with him : he is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.

FIRST SEN. Then, worthy Marcius, 240
Attend upon Cominius to these wars.

COM. It is your former promise.

224 *Win upon power.* 'Gain upon, gain ground against, authority.'

225 *For insurrection's arguing.* 'For insurrection to go to work upon.' Cp. Henry V. iii. 1, 21, "And sheathed their swords for lack of argument" (i.e. of more Frenchmen to kill).

226 *You fragments.* You 'tag and rag,' you odds and ends of Rome. So Achilles calls Thersites 'fragment,' Tro. and Cress. v. 1, 9.

233 *Will pui you to 't.* Will press you hard, give you enough to do.

236 *Wish me only he.* Wish only that I were he.

MAR. Sir, it is ;
And I am constant. Titus Lartius, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at Tullus' face.
What, art thou stiff? stand'st out?

TIT. No, Caius Marcius ;
I'll lean upon one crutch and fight with t'other,
Ere stay behind this business.

MEN. O, true-bred !

FIRST SEN. Your company to the Capitol ; where, I
know,
Our greatest friends attend us.

TIT. [To COM.] Lead you on.
[To MAR.] Follow Cominius ; we must follow you ; 250
Right worthy you priority.

COM. Noble Marcius !

FIRST SEN. [To the Citizens.] Hence to your homes ;
be gone !

MAR. Nay, let them follow :
The Volsces have much corn ; take these rats thither
To gnaw their garners. Worshipful mutiners,*
Your valour puts well forth : pray, follow.

[Citizens steal away. Exeunt all but SICINIUS and BRUTUS.]

SIC. Was ever man so proud as is this Marcius ?

BRU. He has no equal.

SIC. When we were chosen tribunes for the people,—

BRU. Mark'd you his lip and eyes ?

SIC. Nay, but his taunts.

BRU. Being moved, he will not spare to gird* the
gods. 260

SIC. Be-mock the modest moon.

BRU. The present wars devour him : he is grown
Too proud to be so valiant.

SIC. Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow

251 'Right worthy as you are of such precedence.'

255 *Puts well forth.* 'Shows well,' 'makes a pretty exhibition of itself.'

262 *The present wars devour him* : i.e. he is eaten up with pride, which they engender. Some edd. make the words an imprecation : "The present wars devour him !"

263 *Too proud to be*, i.e. of being, so valiant.

264 'Is impatient of the company even of his noonday shadow.'

Which he treads on at noon : but I do wonder
His insolence can brook to be commanded
Under Cominius.

BRU. Fame, at the which he aims,
In whom already he's well graced, can not
Better be held nor more attain'd than by
A place below the first : for what miscarries 270
Shall be the general's fault, though he perform
To the utmost of a man, and giddy censure*
Will then cry out of Marcius 'O, if he
Had borne the business !'

SIC. Besides, if things go well,
Opinion* that so sticks on Marcius shall
Of his demerits* rob Cominius.

BRU. Come :
Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius,
Though Marcius earn'd them not, and all his faults
To Marcius shall be honours, though indeed
In aught he merit not.

SIC. Let's hence, and hear 280
How the dispatch is made, and in what fashion,
More than his singularity,* he goes
Upon this present action.

BRU. Let's along. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*Corioli. The Senate-house.*

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS and certain Senators.

FIRST SEN. So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels
And know how we proceed.

AUF. Is it not yours?
What ever hath been thought on in this state,
That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome

268 *In whom.* We should have expected either *by whom* or *in which.*

272 *To the utmost of a man.* 'Pro virili parte.'

274 *Had borne the business.* 'Rem gessisset.' Cp. i. 6, 82.

282 *His singularity.* Ironical. 'This paragon of generals, how he is accompanied,' 'with what force—over and above *his own great self*—he takes the field.'

2 *Are entered in our counsels.* Have crept into our secret.

Had circumvention? 'Tis not four days gone
 Since I heard thence : these are the words : I think
 I have the letter here ; yes, here it is.

[*Reads*] ' They have press'd* a power, but it is not known
 Whether for east or west : the dearth is great ; 10
 The people mutinous ; and it is rumour'd,
 Cominius, Marcius your old enemy,
 Who is of Rome worse hated than of you,
 And Titus Lartius, a most valiant Roman,
 These three lead on this preparation
 Whither 't is bent* : most likely 't is for you :
 Consider of it.'

FIRST SEN. Our army's in the field :
 We never yet made doubt but Rome was ready
 To answer us.

AUF. Nor did you think it folly
 To keep your great pretences* veil'd till when 20
 They needs must show themselves : which in the hatching,
 It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery
 We shall be shorten'd in our aim, which was
 To take in many towns ere almost Rome
 Should know we were afoot.

SEC. SEN. Noble Aufidius,
 Take your commission : hie you to your bands :
 Let us alone to guard Corioli :
 If they set down before's, for the remove
 Bring up your army ; but, I think, you'll find
 They've not prepared for us.

AUF. O, doubt not that ; 30
 I speak from certainties. Nay, more,
 Some parcels of their power are forth already,
 And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
 If we and Caius Marcius chance to meet,

6 *Had circumvention.* A mixture of 'circumvented it'
 and 'had intelligence of it.'

19 'True, and yet you did not think it folly.'

22 *It seem'd, appear'd*—'were wont to appear.' But perhaps
 we should read *it seems*.

24 *Take in* = take. So Ant. and Cle. iii. 7, 24, "Take in
 Torque."

28 *For the remove* = 'removal' of the besiegers : for the
 relief of the town. Dr. Johnson proposed to read 'for *their*
 remove.'

'Tis sworn between us we shall ever strike
Till one can do no more.

ALL. The gods assist you !

AUF. And keep your honours safe !

FIRST SEN. Farewell.

SEC. SEN. Farewell.

ALL. Farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Rome. A room in MARCIUS' house.*

*Enter VOLUMNIA and VIRGILIA : they set them down
on two low stools, and sew.*

VOL. I pray you, daughter, sing ; or express yourself in a more comfortable* sort : if my son were my husband, I should freelier rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour than in those embracements wherein he would show most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied and the only son of my womb, when youth with comeliness plucked all gaze his way, when for a day of kings' entreaties a mother should not sell him an hour from her beholding, I, considering how honour would become such a person, that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir, was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him ; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man. 19

VIR. But had he died in the business, madam ; how then ?

VOL. Then his good report should have been my son ; I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely : had I a dozen sons, each in my love alike and

9 *Should not sell him* : (future in past time) 'was not going to sell him.' So Spenser, *F. Q. i. 1, 26*—

"His foes have slain themselves, with whom he should contend," *i.e.* was to contend. (Germ. 'Ich sollte es thun.')

10 'Considering that to be so comely and yet unstirred by honour was to be no better than a picture.' *It* (if we should not rather read *him*) is his 'person,' 'his comeliness.'

16 *His brows bound with oak.* The oaken garland (*corona civica*) presented to a soldier who had saved the life of a Roman citizen in battle ; inscribed with the words "ob civem servatum."

none less dear than thine and my good Marcius, I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

GENT. Madam, the Lady Valeria is come to visit you.

VIR. Beseech you, give me leave to retire* myself. 30

VOL. Indeed, you shall not.

Methinks I hear hither your husband's drum,
See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair,
As children from a bear, the Volsces shunning him :
Methinks I see him stamp thus, and call thus :
'Come on, you cowards ! you were got in fear,
Though you were born in Rome :' his bloody brow
With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes,
Like to a harvest-man that's task'd to mow
Or all or lose his hire. 40

VIR. His bloody brow ! O Jupiter, no blood !

VOL. Away, you fool ! it more becomes a man
Than gilt* his trophy : the breasts of Hecuba,
When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
Than Hector's forehead when it spit forth blood
At Grecian sword, contemning. Tell Valeria,
We are fit to bid her welcome. [*Exit Gent.*

VIR. Heavens bless* my lord from fell Aufidius !

VOL. He'll beat Aufidius' head below his knee
And tread upon his neck. 50

Enter VALERIA, with an Usher and Gentlewoman.

VAL. My ladies both, good day to you.

VOL. Sweet madam.

VIR. I am glad to see your ladyship.

VAL. How do you both ? you are manifest house-keepers. What are you sewing here ? A fine spot, in good faith. How does your little son ?

VIR. I thank your ladyship ; well, good madam.

VOL. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum,
than look upon his schoolmaster. 61

32 *Hear hither.* 'Hear it approaching.'

34 'Flying from him, as children from a bear.'

40 'Either to mow all, or lose his hire.'

54 *Manifest.* Caught in the act.

56 *A fine spot*—of embroidery.

VAL. O' my word, the father's son : I'll swear, 't is a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I looked upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together : has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly ; and when he caught it, he let it go again ; and after it again ; and over and over he comes, and up again ; caught it again ; or whether his fall enraged him, or how 't was, he did so set his teeth and tear it ; O, I warrant, how he mammocked* it !

71

VOL. One on 's father's moods.

VAL. Indeed, la, 't is a noble child.

VIR. A crack,* madam.

VAL. Come, lay aside your stitchery ; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

VIR. No, good madam ; I will not out of doors.

VAL. Not out of doors !

VOL. She shall, she shall.

80

VIR. Indeed, no, by your patience ; I'll not over the threshold till my lord return from the wars.

VAL. Fie, you confine yourself most unreasonably : come, you must go visit the good lady that lies in.

VIR. I will wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers ; but I cannot go thither.

VOL. Why, I pray you ?

VIR. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

91

VAL. You would be another Penelope : yet, they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come ; I would your cambric were sensible* as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

VIR. No, good madam, pardon me ; indeed, I will not forth.

VAL. In truth, la, go with me ; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

101

VIR. O, good madam, there can be none yet.

VAL. Verily, I do not jest with you ; there came news from him last night.

VIR. Indeed, madam ?

VAL. In earnest, it's true ; I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is : the Volsces have an army forth ; against whom Cominius the general is gone, with one part of our

69 ' Either that, perhaps, his fall enraged him, or however it was.'

Roman power : your lord and Titus Lartius are set down before their city Corioli ; they nothing doubt prevailing and to make it brief wars. This is true, on mine honour ; and so, I pray, go with us. 113

VIR. Give me excuse, good madam ; I will obey you in everything hereafter.

VOL. Let her alone, lady : as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

VAL. In troth, I think she would. Fare you well, then. Come, good sweet lady. Prithee, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out o' door, and go along with us. 121

VIR. No, at a word, madam ; indeed, I must not. I wish you much mirth.

VAL. Well, then, farewell. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—*Before Corioli.*

Enter, with drum and colours, MARCIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, Captains and Soldiers. To them a Messenger.

MAR. Yonder comes news. A wager they have met.

LART. My horse to yours, no.

MAR. 'T is done.

LART. Agreed.

MAR. Say, has our general met the enemy ?

MESS. They lie in view ; but have not spoke as yet.

LART. So, the good horse is mine.

MAR. I'll buy him of you.

LART. No, I'll nor sell nor give him : lend you him I will for half a hundred years. Summon the town.

MAR. How far off lie these armies ?

MESS. Within this mile and half.

MAR. Then shall we hear their 'larum,* and they ours. Now, Mars, I prithee, make us quick in work, 10
That we with smoking swords may march from hence,
To help our fielded friends ! Come, blow thy blast.

112 ' They are confident of victory and of making short work of it.'

123 Virgilia answers the familiar *thou* of Valeria, more distantly, with *you*. See Abbott, Sh. G., 231.

1 *News* from Cominius.

4 ' In sight of each other : but they have not yet given signal of battle.'

11 *Smoking swords*. So Rich. III. i. 2, 94—

' Thy murderous falchion smoking in his blood.'

They sound a parley. Enter two Senators with others on the walls.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls?

FIRST SEN. No, nor a man that fears you less than he, That's lesser than a little. [*Drums afar off.*] Hark! our drums

Are bringing forth our youth. We'll break our walls, Rather than they shall pound* us up: our gates, Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes; They'll open of themselves. [*Alarum afar off.*] Hark you, far off! [*ad arma*]

There is Aufidius; list, what work he makes 20
Amongst your cloven army.

MAR. O, they are at it!

LART. Their noise be our instruction. Ladders, ho!

Enter the army of the Volsces.

MAR. They fear us not, but issue forth their city. Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight With hearts more proof than shields. Advance, brave Titus: They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts, Which makes me sweat with wrath. Come on, my fellows: He that retires, I'll take him for a Volsce, And he shall feel mine edge.

Alarum. The Romans are beat back to their trenches. Re-enter MARCIUS, cursing.

MAR. All the contagion of the south light on you, 30
You shames of Rome! you herd of—Boils and plagues Plaster you o'er, that you may be abhorr'd Further than seen and one infect another Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese, That bear the shapes of men, how have you run From slaves that apes would beat! Pluto and hell! All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale With flight and agued fear! Mend and charge home,

14 'He is not within our walls, and of all men living *he* fears you least.' Dr. Johnson altered *less* to *more*: meaning, 'He is not here; and *we* who are here fear you as little as he does.' This is better sense; and perhaps *less* is due to a confusion, not unlike that in *Lear*, ii. 4, 142 (where see note), and *W. T.* iii. 2, 35.

25 *Hearts more proof than shields.* θυμὸς ἐπ' ἄρα βολέου. So 'Arms of proof,' arms proved and approved. (Cp. *Spens. F. Q.* ii. 7, 1. "The masters of his long experiment.")

Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe
 And make my wars on you : look to't : come on ; 40
 If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,
 As they us to our trenches followed.

Another alarum. The Volsces fly, and MARCIUS follows them to the gates.

So, now the gates are ope : now prove good seconds :
 'Tis for the followers fortune widens them,
 Not for the fliers : mark me, and do the like.

[*Enters the gates.*

FIRST SOL. Fool-hardiness ; not I.

SEC. SOL. Nor I. [MARCUS is shut in.

FIRST SOL. See, they have shut him in.

ALL. To the pot, I warrant him.
 [*Alarum continues.*

Re-enter TITUS LARTIUS.

LART. What is become of Marcius?

ALL. Slain, sir, doubtless.

FIRST SOL. Following the fliers at the very heels,
 With them he enters ; who, upon the sudden, 50
 Clapp'd to their gates : he is himself alone,
 To answer all the city.

LART. O noble fellow !

Who sensibly* outdares his senseless sword,
 And, when it bows, stands up. Thou art left, Marcius :
 A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art,
 Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
 Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible *anachronicom*

47. *To the pot* (=pit) of destruction. (''Twas a whirlin' pot of Clyde's water she got sweet Willie in.'—BALLAD.)

52 *To answer all the city.* So Sc. 2. 18, 'Rome was ready to answer us.'

53 The endurance of the man is more wonderful than that of the sword, because he can feel and the sword cannot, and yet he endures the longer. Steevens quotes from the *Arcadia* : "Their very armour by piecemeal fell away from them : and yet their flesh abode the wounds constantly, as though it were less sensible of smart than the senseless armour."

57 *Even to Cato's wish* : the words are Plutarch's, but to Shakspeare belongs the responsibility of putting them in Lartius' mouth. "For he was even such another" (Plutarch says), "as Cato would have a soldier and a captain to be : not only terrible and fierce to lay about him, but to make the enemy afraid with the sound of his voice and grimness of his countenance."

Only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks and
 The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds,
 Thou madest thine enemies shake, as if the world 60
 Were feverous and did tremble.

Re-enter MARCIUS, bleeding, assaulted by the enemy.

FIRST SOL. Look, sir,

LART. O, 'tis Marcius!

Let's fetch him off, or make remain* alike.

[They fight, and all enter the city.]

SCENE V.—*Corioli. A street.*

Enter certain Romans, with spoils.

FIRST ROM. This will I carry to Rome.

SEC. ROM. And I this.

THIRD ROM. A murrain on 't! I took this for silver.

[Alarum continues still afar off.]

Enter MARCIUS and TITUS LARTIUS with a trumpet.

MAR. See here these movers that do prize their hours
 At a crack'd drachm! Cushions, leaden spoons, *Italian*
 Irons of a doit,* doublets that hangmen would *da o'la*
 Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves, *8*
 Ere yet the fight be done, pack up: down with them!
 And hark, what noise the general makes! To him! 10
 There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius,
 Piercing our Romans: then, valiant Titus, take
 Convenient numbers to make good the city;
 Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
 To help Cominius.

* 60 Cp. Macb. ii. 3. 65, "Some say, the earth was feverous and did shake."

SCENE 5—"Martius was marvellous angry with them, and cried out on them that it was no time now to look after spoil, and to run straggling here and there to enrich themselves, whilst the other consul and their fellow-citizens peradventure were fighting with their enemies."—PLUTARCH.

5 *These movers*: these clamourers for their rights, these disturbers of the State. (Sc. 6. 43: 'A plague! tribunes for them!')—*Prize their hours at a cracked drachm*: 'waste precious minutes for the sake of trumpetry—worth no more than a cracked drachm.'

7 *Irons of a doit*: iron vessels worth a doit.

LART. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st ;
Thy exercise hath been too violent for
A second course of fight.

MAR. Sir, praise me not ;
My work hath yet not warm'd me : fare you well :
The blood I drop is rather physical *
Than dangerous to me : to Aufidius thus 20
I will appear, and fight.

LART. Now the fair goddess, Fortune,
Fa'll deep in love with thee ; and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers' swords ! Bold gentleman,
Prosperity be thy page !

MAR. Thy friend no less
Than those she placeth highest ! So, farewell.

LART. Thou worthiest Marcius ! [Exit MARCIUS.
Go, sound thy trumpet in the market-place ;
Call thither all the officers o' the town,
Where they shall know our mind : away ! [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—*Near the camp of COMINIUS.*

Enter COMINIUS, as it were in retire, with Soldiers.

COM. Breathe you, my friends : well fought ; we are
come off

Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
Nor cowardly in retire : believe me, sirs,
We shall be charged again. Whiles we have struck,
By interims and conveying gusts we have heard
The charges of our friends. Ye Roman gods !
Lead their successes as we wish our own,
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encountering,
May give you thankful sacrifice.

Enter a Messenger.

Thy news ?

MESS. The citizens of Corioli have issued, 10
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle :
I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.

24 'Thy friend no less than friend of those.'

5 'Ever and anon, when the wind has carried the sound this way.'

COM. Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks thou speak'st not well. How long is 't since?

MESS. Above an hour, my lord.

COM. 'Tis not a mile ; briefly we heard their drums :
How couldst thou in a mile confound * an hour,
And bring thy news so late ?

MESS. Spies of the Volsces
Held me in chase, that I was forced to wheel
Three or four miles about, else had I, sir, 20
Half an hour since brought my report.

COM. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were flay'd ? O gods !
He has the stamp* of Marcius ; and I have
Before-time seen him thus.

MAR. [*Within*] Come I too late ?

COM. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meaner man.

Enter MARCIUS.

MAR. Come I too late ?

COM. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

MAR. O, let me clip* ye
In arms as sound in heart as merry, as when 30
I woo'd and wedded.

COM. Flower of warriors,
How is 't with Titus Lartius ?

MAR. As with a man busied about decrees :
Condemning some to death, and some to exile ;
Ransoming* him or pitying, threatening the other ;
Holding Corioli in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

COM. Where is that slave
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches ? 40
Where is he ? call him hither.

MAR. Let him alone ;

16 *Briefly*—'a short time ago' (Abbott).

19 *To wheel*—'to make a circuit.'

27 = from every meaner man's. As in Greek, *κόμμαι Χαλκίτεσσιν
ὁμοίαι* ; and even in Latin, 'vita Deorum similis.'

He did inform the truth : but for our gentlemen,
The common file—a plague ! tribunes for them !—
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.

COM. But how prevail'd you ?

MAR. Will the time serve to tell ? I do not think.
Where is the enemy ? are you lords o' the field ?
If not, why cease you till you are so ?

COM. Marcius,

We have at disadvantage fought and did
Retire to win our purpose.

50

MAR. How lies their battle ? know you on which side
They have placed their men of trust ?

COM. As I guess, Marcius,
There bands i' the ^{vanguard} vaward are the Antiates,
Of their best trust ; o'er them Aufidius,
Their very heart of hope.

MAR. I do beseech you,
By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against Aufidius and his Antiates ;
And that you not delay the present, but,
Filling the air with swords advanced* and darts,
We prove this very hour.

60

COM. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking : take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.

MAR. Those are they
That most are willing. If any such be here—
As* it were sin to doubt—that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd ; if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report ;
If any think brave death outweighs bad life

70

42 He was going to say, ' But for the gentlemen, the cowardice of the common file had lost the day.'

60 *Delay the present.* ' Put off that which is present, claims to be done now.'

70 ' Fear less for his person than he fears an ill report.' In such expressions as (2 Henry IV. v. 5, 84), "fear not your advancements," 'fear' rather = 'doubt.'

And that* his country's dearer than himself ;
 Let him alone, or so many so minded,
 Wave thus, to express his disposition,
 And follow Marcius.

[*They all shout and wave their swords, take him up
 in their arms, and cast up their caps.*]

†O, me alone ! make you a sword of me ?
 If these shows be not outward, which of you
 But is four Volsces ? none of you but is
 Able to bear against the great Aufidius
 A shield as hard as his. A certain number, 80
 Though thanks to all, must I select from all : the rest
 Shall bear the business in some other fight,
 As cause will be obey'd. Please you to march ;
 And four shall quickly draw out my command,
 Which men are best inclined.

COM. March on, my fellows :
 Make good this ostentation, and you shall
 Divide in all with us. [Exeunt.]

73 'As many as are so minded.'

76 The reading of the folios has been explained—(1) Let me alone. Set me down. (2) Oh me! that I should have said 'alone!' Both explanations seem inadmissible. Two emendations deserve notice : (1) that proposed by Mr. Collier, *Of me alone?*—adopting which, it would be better to punctuate "*O' me alone make you a sword? o' me?*" [When every one of you is as good as four Volscians, why am I your only sword? What so great need have you of me?]: (2) that of Mr. Singer, "*O come along:*" (more Shaksperian would be '*Go we along.*') The sense is then—connecting 'Make you a sword of me' with what follows—'Use me for your sword, as now you use me' [in a literal sense: they had taken him in their arms] 'and every man of you (such men with such a leader) will be worth four Volscians.'

83 *As cause will be obeyed.* As occasion shall require.

84 'Shall detach upon this service (all meanwhile going forward, that no time may be lost) the bravest of their followers.'—*My command* : 'the company to be commanded by me.'—*Four (four)* Ff. *some* Singer conj.

86 'This profession of valour.'

87 'Go shares in all the spoil with us, the generals.'

SCENE VII.—*The gates of Corioli.*

TITUS LARTIUS, *having set a guard upon Corioli, going with drum and trumpet toward COMINIUS and CAIUS MARCIUS, enters with a Lieutenant, other Soldiers, and a Scout.*

LART. So, let the ports* be guarded : keep your duties, As I have set them down. If I do send, dispatch Those centuries* to our aid : the rest will serve For a short holding : if we lose the field, We cannot keep the town.

LIEU. Fear not our care, sir.

LART. Hence, and shut your gates upon 's. Our guider, come ; to the Roman camp conduct us. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.—*A field of battle.*

Alarum as in battle. Enter, from opposite sides, MARCIUS and AUFIDIUS.

MAR. I'll fight with none but thee ; for I do hate thee Worse than a promise-breaker.

AUF. We hate alike :
Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor
More than thy fame, and envy.* Fix thy foot.

MAR. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after !

AUF. If I fly, Marcius,
Holloa me like a hare.

MAR. Within these three hours, Tullus,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleased : 'tis not my blood
Wherein thou seest me mask'd ; for thy revenge 10
Wrench up thy power to the highest.

AUF. Wert thou the Hector
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,*
Thou shouldst not scape me here.

[*They fight, and certain Volsces come to the aid of AUFIDIUS.*
MARCIUS fights till they be driven in breathless.

viii. 4 'Which I abhor and envy more than thy fame.'

11 *Wrench up.* Screw up. Macb. i. 7, 79—

"I am settled, and *bend up*

Each corporal agent to this terrible feat."

12 'The Hector with whom the Trojans, the progenitors you Romans boast of, whipped the Greeks.'

Officious, and not valiant, you have shamed me
In your condemned seconds.* [Exeunt.]

SCENE IX.—*The Roman camp.*

Flourish. Alarum. A retreat is sounded. Flourish.
Enter, from one side, COMINIUS with the Romans ;
from the other side, MARCIUS, with his arm in a scarf.

COM. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou 'ldst not believe thy deeds : but I'll report it
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles,
Where great patricians shall attend and shrug,
I' the end admire, where ladies shall be frightened,
And, gladly quaked,* hear more ; where the dull tribunes,
That, with the fusty plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall say against their hearts ' We thank the gods
Our Rome hath such a soldier.'
Yet camest thou to a morsel of this feast, 10
Having fully dined before.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS, with his power, from the pursuit.

LART. O general,
Here is the steed, we the caparison :
Hadst thou beheld—

MAR. Pray now, no more : my mother,
Who has a charter* to extol her blood,
When she does praise me grieves me. I have done
As you have done ; that's what I can ; induced
As you have been ; that's for my country :

15 *Condemned seconds.* Vain help, tried and found wanting.

7 *Fusty plebeians.* So Coriolanus calls them "a musty superfluity," "musty chaff." Mr. Sidney Walker (*Shakspeare's Versification*, p. 161,) points out that Shakspeare commonly accentuates the first syllable of *plebeian*. So, in this play, ii. 3, 192, 'Fast foe to th' plébeii, your voices might ;' v. 4, 39, 'The plébeians have got your fellow tribune.'

10 'Yet what I have seen here and praise was but a morsel compared with thy full feast yonder, the capture of Corioli.'

12 He has done the work : we have helped as trappings help the horse. So Browning (*Ring and Book*, iv. 412):

"To serve in some ambiguous sort, as serve
To draw the coach the plumes o' the horses' heads."

13 Even my mother, who is privileged to praise me.

He that has but effected his good will
Hath overta'en mine act.

COM. You shall not be
The gravè of your deserving ; Rome must know 20
The value of her own : 't were a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings ; and to silence that,
Which, to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,*
Would seem but modest : therefore, I beseech you—
In sign of what you are, not to reward
What you have done—before our army hear me.

MAR. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remember'd.

COM. Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude, 30
And tent* themselves with death. Of all the horses,
Whereof we have ta'en good and good store, of all
The treasure in this field achieved and city,
We render you the tenth, to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution, at
Your only choice.

MAR. I thank you, general ;
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe to pay my sword : I do refuse it ;
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing. 40

20 You shall not thus bury out of sight your own great actions.

22 'Worse than theft, as bad as slander.'

24 'Deeds, whose recital, though the language of praise should be exhausted in describing them, would still come short of the truth :' ('which, even though vouch'd.')

31 So Roderigo says, (Oth. i. 3, 309,) "It is silliness to live when to live is torment : and then have we a prescription to die when death is our physician." Here, death is compared to the physician's probe : 'well might they (in protest against such ingratitude) fester themselves past healing—refuse to be probed but with the probe of death.'

34 *To be ta'en forth* : ἐξάλπερον δῶρημα : *at your only choice* : only, absolutely, at your choice.

40 *That have beheld the doing*. He is too proud to be rewarded, too proud to be praised : too proud also to praise others, at least plebeians. '*They have seen me fight* : I will claim no more than an equal share with them.'

[*A long flourish. They all cry 'Marcius! Marcius!' cast up their caps and lances: COMINIUS and LARTIUS stand bare.*

MAR. May these same instruments, which you profane,
 Never sound more! when drums and trumpets shall
 I' the field prove flatterers, let courts and cities be
 Made all of false-faced soothing*: when steel grows
 Soft as the parasite's silk—Let them be made
 An overture for the wars no more, I say!
 For that I have not washed my nose that bled,
 Or foil'd some debile wretch,—which, without note,
 Here's many else have done,—you shout me forth 50
 In acclamations hyperbolical;
 As if I loved my little should be dieted
 In praises sauced with lies.

COM. Too modest are you;
 More cruel to your good report than grateful
 To us that give you truly: by your patience,

45 *silk—] silk, Ff. them] him Ff. 46 wars no more] wars.
 No more Ff.*

41—46 These lines have been very variously explained and altered. It is possible that the word *overture* (not used elsewhere by Shakspeare in the sense of *prelude*) is corrupt; but, failing any probable correction of it, the passage, as printed above, may be explained thus—'Let your drums and trumpets, profaned to vulgar uses of flattery, never sound more! If even *they* must learn to flatter,—if the soldier in his coat of steel must ape the parasite in his silk,—let truth vanish out of the earth, and courts and cities go their own way undisturbed: let your drums and trumpets, I say, henceforth be silent!'

For the abruptness of line 45, as characteristic of Coriolanus, comp. for example, i. 4, 31. The alteration of 'them' for 'him' has been made by several editors. The words, being commonly written for shortness 'm and 'em, "are very often confounded by our early printers." (Marlowe, ed. Dyce, vol. i. p. 76.)

49 *Foiled—*'or that I have foiled.'

52 'As if I desired that, in your exaggerated praises, my little should be fed fat, made much.' Cp. Othello ii. 1, 303, "to diet my revenge."

55 *Give you truly—*'make true report of you.' Cp. As You Like It, iv. 3, 123, "And he did render him the most unnatural, that lived 'mongst men." Ant. and Cle. i. 4, 40, "men's reports give him much wronged." *By your patience:* 'pace tua,' 'by your leave:' as above, sc. 3, 81.

If 'gainst yourself you be incensed, we'll put you,
 Like one that means his proper* harm, in manacles,
 Then reason safely with you. Therefore, be it known,
 As to us, to all the world, that Caius Marcius
 Wears this war's garland : in token of the which, 60
 My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
 With all his trim belonging ; and from this time,
 For what he did before Corioli, call him,
 With all the applause and clamour of the host,
 CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS ! Bear
 The addition* nobly ever !

[*Flourish. Trumpets sound, and drums.*]

ALL. Caius Marcius Coriolanus !

COR. I will go wash ;
 And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
 Whether I blush or no : howbeit, I thank you. 70
 I mean to stride your steed, and at all times
 To undercrest your good addition*
 To the fairness of my power.

COM. So, to our tent ;
 Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
 To Rome of our success. You, Titus Lartius,
 Must to Corioli back : send us to Rome
 The best, with whom we may articulate,*
 For their own good and ours.

LART. I shall, my lord.

COR. The gods begin to mock me. I, that now
 Refused most princely gifts, am bound to beg 80
 Of my lord general.

COM. Take 't ; 't is yours. What is 't ?

COR. I sometime lay here in Corioli
 At a poor man's house ; he used me kindly :
 He cried to me ; I saw him prisoner ;
 But then Aufidius was within my view,
 And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity : I request you
 To give my poor host freedom.

60 *Wears this war's garland*: the *corona triumphalis* of laurel : confounded elsewhere with the 'the oaken garland,' the *corona civica*.

72 'To stick your title in my helmet and wear it as a badge, with what grace I may,' ('as fairly as I can.')

77 *The best* : the best men of Corioli.

79 Now = but now, just now.

COM. O, well begg'd !
Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

LART. Marcius, his name ?

COR. By Jupiter ! forgot. 90
I am weary ; yea, my memory is tired.
Have we no wine here ?

COM. Go we to our tent :
The blood upon your visage dries ; 't is time
It should be look'd to : come. [Exeunt.]

SCENE X.--*The camp of the Volsces.*

*A flourish. Cornets. Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, bloody,
with two or three Soldiers.*

AUF. The town is ta'en !

FIRST SOL. 'T will be deliver'd back on good condition.

AUF. Condition !

I would I were a Roman ; for I cannot,
Being a Volscé, be that I am. Condition !
What good condition can a treaty find
I' the part that is at mercy ? Five times, Marcius,
I have fought with thee ; so often hast thou beat me,
And wouldst do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat. By the elements, 10
If e'er again I meet him beard to beard,
He's mine, or I am his ; mine emulation
Hath not that honour in't it had ; for where*
I thought to crush him in an equal force,
True sword to sword, I'll potch* at him some way
Or wrath or craft may get him.

FIRST SOL. He's the devil.

AUF. Bolder, though not so subtle. My valour's
poison'd

With only suffering stain by him ; for him

5 Being a Volscian, and therefore the enemy of Marcius, I cannot be myself : 'my valour's poisoned.'

6 'What good condition can be devised on the beaten side?'

14 *In an equal force.* In a fair struggle.

15 *Some way, or wrath or craft may get him.* Some way by which my craft, if not my wrath, may get the upper hand.

18 *With only suffering stain by him.* For no other cause than that it is disgraced by him.

ib. *For him.* For his sake, for hate of him.

Shall fly out of itself : nor sleep nor sanctuary,
 Being naked, sick, nor fane nor Capitol, 20
 The prayers of priests nor times of sacrifice,
 Embarquements* all of fury, shall lift up
 Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
 My hate to Marcius : where I find him, were it
 At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,
 Against the hospitable canon, would I
 Wash my fierce hand in 's heart. Go you to the city ;
 Learn how 't is held ; and what they are that must
 Be hostages for Rome.

FIRST SOL. Will not you go ?

AUF. I am attended at the cypress grove : I pray
 you— 30

'T is south the city mills—bring me word thither
 How the world goes, that to the pace of it
 I may spur on my journey.

FIRST SOL. I shall, sir. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Rome. A public place.

Enter MENENIUS with the two Tribunes of the people,
 SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

MEN. The augurer tells me we shall have news to-night.

BRU. Good or bad ?

MEN. Not according to the prayer of the people, for
 they love not Marcius,

SIC. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

MEN. Pray you, who does the wolf love ?

20 *Being naked, sick.* 'Nor nakedness, nor sickness.'

25 *Upon my brother's guard:* in reliance on the protection
 of my brother.

28 *How't is held:* the strength of the Roman garrison.

30 *I am attended:* my followers wait for me.

32 'That I may miss no opportunity,' 'not lag behind events.'

ACT II.—SCENE I. 6—14. *Sic.* The people know that
 Marcius is not their friend. *Men.* Wolves that they are—they
 will call none of us their friends. *Sic.* Their friends are lambs,
 not bears. *Men.* Yes, lambs for their devouring : as they would
 devour Marcius. *Bru.* Is *he* a lamb ? If he is a lamb, yet he
 baes like a bear. *Men.* If he is a bear, yet he lives like a lamb.

SIC. The lamb.

MEN. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcius. 11

BRU. He's a lamb indeed, that baes like a bear.

MEN. He's a bear indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men: tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

BOTH. Well, sir.

MEN. In what enormity is Marcius poor in, that you two have not in abundance?

BRU. He's poor in no one fault, but stored with all. 21

SIC. Especially in pride.

BRU. And topping all others in boasting.

MEN. This is strange now: do you two know how you are censured* here in the city, I mean of us o' the right-hand file? do you?

BOTH. Why, how are we censured?

MEN. Because you talk of pride now,—will you not be angry?

BOTH. Well, well, sir, well. 30

MEN. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience: give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you in being so. You blame Marcius for being proud?

BRU. We do it not alone, sir.

MEN. I know you can do very little alone; for your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous single*: your abilities are too infant-like for doing much alone. You talk of pride: O that you could turn your eyes toward the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O that you could! 44

BRU. What then, sir?

MEN. Why, then you should discover a brace of un-

18—21 *Men.* Name, if you can, a fault which he has, slightly, and which you have not yourselves, abundantly. *Bru.* Nay, he has no fault slightly. Cp. for the preposition, As You Like It, ii. 7, 139: "The scene wherein we play in;" Rom. and Jul. ii. Prol. 3, "that fair, for which love groaned for."

31 'After all, it is no matter if I do offend you: be angry to your hearts' content.'

44 Because "peras imposuit Jupiter nobis duas: propriis repletam vitiis post tergum dedit," etc: we cannot see ourselves as others see us; we live "occipiti cæco."

meriting, proud, violent, testy* magistrates, alias fools, as any in Rome.

SIC. Menenius, you are known well enough too. 50

MEN. I am known to be a humorous* patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber in't; said to be something imperfect in favouring the first complaint; hasty and tinder-like upon too trivial motion; what I think I utter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such wealsmen* as you are—I cannot call you Lycurguses—if the drink you give me touch my palate adversely, I make a crooked face at it. I can't say your worships have delivered the matter well, when I find the ass in compound with the major part of your syllables: and though I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men, yet they lie deadly that tell you you have good faces. If you see this in the map of my microcosm,* follows it that I am 'known well enough too'? what harm can your bisson* conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be 'known well enough too'? 72

BRU. Come, sir, come, we know you well enough.

MEN. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing. You are ambitious for poor knaves' caps and legs: you wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange-wife and a fosset-seller*; and then rejourne* the controversy of three pence to a second day of audience. When you are hearing a matter between

64 'When I find that your vocabulary owes so much to the ass,' 'that you talk for the most part the language of asses.'

68—72 'You see this perhaps in my character (that I am quick of temper and plain of speech); is this what you mean by my being "known well enough too?" And, if so, what harm are you pleased to discover in this?'

Your bisson conspectuities. Your bleared sights, dull wisdoms. The long and strange words are of course contemptuous. Perhaps Shakspeare wrote *conspectivities*. *Conspectivity* at least would be a correct formation (like *activity*, *receptivity*, etc.) for 'the power of seeing.'

76 *For poor knaves' caps and legs.* For their obeisance. 'To make a leg' was 'to make a bow': as Rich. II. iii. 3, 175—"You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says ay." All's Well, ii. 2, 10—"He that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiss his hand and say nothing."

party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the colic, you make faces like mummers* ; set up the bloody flag against all patience ; and so dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more entangled by your hearing : all the peace you make in their cause is, calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of strange ones. 89

BRU. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfecter giber for the table than a necessary bencher in the Capitol.

MEN. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are. When you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards ; and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave as to stuff a botcher's* cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, Marcius is proud ; who, in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since Deucalion, though peradventure some of the best of 'em were hereditary hangmen. God-den to your worships : more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly plebeians : I will be bold to take my leave of you. 106

[BRUTUS and SICINIUS go aside.

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and VALERIA.

How now, my as fair as noble ladies,—and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler,—whither do you follow your eyes so fast ?

VOL. Honourable Menenius, my boy Marcius approaches ; for the love of Juno, let's go. 111

MEN. Ha ! Marcius coming home !

VOL. Ay, Worthy Menenius ; and with most prosperous approbation.

84 *Set up the bloody flag.* Wage war against all patience. Cp. Henry V. i. 2, 101, "Stand for your own: unwind your bloody flag." Jul. Cæs. v. 1, 15, "Their bloody sign of battle is hung out."

Lord Campbell (Shakspeare's Legal Acquirements, p. 96) remarks, "Shakspeare here mistakes the duties of the Tribune for those of the Prætor ; but in truth he was recollecting with disgust what he had himself witnessed in his own country."

92 *Bencher* : i.e. senator. Cp. iii. 1, 106, 166.

101 *Predecessors.* Ancestors.

103 *God-den.* So *good den* (good even) and *God ye good den.*

MEN. Take my cap, Jupiter, and I thank thee. Hoo !
 Marcius coming home !

VOL. VIR. Nay, 'tis true.

VOL. Look, here's a letter from him : the state hath
 another, his wife another ; and, I think, there's one at
 home for you. 120

MEN. I will make my very house reel to-night : a letter
 for me !

VIR. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you ; I saw't.

MEN. A letter for me ! it gives me an estate of seven
 years' health ; in which time I will make a lip at the
 physician : the most sovereign prescription in Galen is
 but empiricitic,* and, to this preservative, of no better
 report than a horse-drench.* Is he not wounded? he
 was wont to come home wounded. 131

VIR. O, no, no, no.

VOL. O, he is wounded ; I thank the gods for't.

MEN. So do I too, if it be not too much : brings a'
 victory in his pocket? the wounds become him.

VOL. On's brows, Menenius : he comes the third time
 home with the oaken garland.

MEN. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

VOL. Titus Lartius writes, they fought together, but
 Aufidius got off. 141

MEN. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that:
 an* he had stayed by him, I would not have been so
 fidiused for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's
 in them. Is the senate possessed* of this?

VOL. Good ladies, let's go. Yes, yes, yes ; the senate
 has letters from the general, wherein he gives my son the
 whole name of the war : he hath in this action outdone
 his former deeds doubly. 151

115 *Take my cap, Jupiter.* Throwing it into the air.

125 It estates me, endows me, with seven years' health.

128 Galen, the great physician, who died about 200 A.D. Cp.
 the allusion to Cato above, i. 4, 57 ; and to Alexander, v. 4,
 23. *To this*, compared with this.

135 'If he brings home victory in his pocket, the wounds
 become him.'

136 *On's brows.* 'He brings victory on his brows.'

137 *The oaken garland.* See i. 3, 16 ; 9, 60, n.

144 'So *fidiused* as *Aufidius* would have been : ' 'I would
 not have had such a benefit of being *Aufidius* as *Marcus* would
 have given him.'

VAL. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

MEN. Wondrous! ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

VIR. The gods grant them true!

VOL. True! pow, wow.

MEN. True! I'll be sworn they are true. Where is he wounded? [*To the Tribunes*] God save your good worships! Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud. Where is he wounded? 162

VOL. I' the shoulder and i' the left arm: there will be large cicatrices to show the people, when he shall stand for his place. He received in the repulse of Tarquin seven hurts i' the body.

MEN. One i' the neck, and two i' the thigh,—there's nine that I know.

VOL. He had, before this last expedition, twenty-five wounds upon him. 170

MEN. Now it's twenty-seven: every gash was an enemy's grave. [*A shout and flourish.*] Hark! the trumpets.

VOL. These are the ushers* of Marcius: before him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears: Death, that dark spirit, in 's nervy* arm doth lie; Which, being advanced,* declines, and then men die.

A sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter COMINIUS the general, and TITUS LARTIUS; between them, CORIOLANUS, crowned with an oaken garland; with Captains and Soldiers, and a Herald.*

HER. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight Within Corioli gates: where he hath won, 180 With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these In honour follows Coriolanus.

156 *The gods grant them true!* Virginia feels too deeply to proclaim her happiness as Volumnia does: it is so great that she is even afraid to believe the news.

165 *His place.* The consulship.

167 *In the repulse of Tarquin.* At the Lake Regillus.

168 *One i' the neck and two i' the thigh.* He finishes the enumeration to himself, and finds that he remembers nine.

172 *Every gash was an enemy's grave.* They dug their own graves when they wounded him; for for every gash he was avenged.

182 *These in honour follows.* Follows Caius and Marcius as an honourable addition.

Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus! [*Flourish.*]

ALL. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

COR. No more of this; it does offend my heart:

Pray now, no more.

COM. Look, sir, your mother!

COR. O,

You have, I know, petition'd all the gods

For my prosperity! [*Kneels.*]

VOL. Nay, my good soldier, up;

My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and

By deed-achieving honour newly named,—

190

What is it?—Coriolanus must I call thee?—

But, O, thy wife!

COR. My gracious* silence, hail!

Wouldst thou have laugh'd had I come coffin'd home,

That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,

Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,

And mothers that lack sons.

MEN. Now, the gods crown thee!

COR. [*To MENENIUS*] And live you yet? [*To VALERIA*]

O my sweet lady, pardon.

VOL. I know not where to turn: O, welcome home:

And welcome, general: and ye're welcome all.

MEN. A hundred thousand welcomes. I could weep 200

And I could laugh, I am light and heavy. Welcome.

A curse begin at very root on's heart,

That is not glad to see thee! You are three

That Rome should dote on: yet, by the faith of men,

We have some old crab-trees here at home that will not

Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors:

We call a nettle but a nettle and

190 *Deed-achieving honour.* Honour that, by inciting men to, may be said itself to achieve great deeds.

192 *My gracious silence.* Steevens quotes from Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond* (1599), "Sweet silent rhetoric of persuading eyes."

204 *By the faith of men.* 'As we are true men,' 'on our faith as men.' So Othello, i. I, 10: "By the faith of man, I know my price."

205 The sour old crab trees that will not leave their sourness are of course the Tribunes. They refuse to be grafted with the nobleness of Coriolanus, to bear fruit of his flavour. (*Relish* = flavour: or 'to your relish' may mean 'to your liking.')

The faults of fools but folly.

COM. Ever right.

COR. Menenius ever, ever.

HERALD. Give way there, and go on!

COR. [*To VOLUMNIA and VIRGILIA*] Your hand, and
Ere in our own house I do shade my head, [yours: 210
The good patricians must be visited;
From whom I have received not only greetings,
But with them change of honours.

VOL. I have lived

To see inherited* my very wishes
And the buildings of my fancy: only [yet]
There's one thing wanting, which I doubt not but
Our Rome will cast upon thee.

COR. Know, good mother,
I had rather be their servant in my way
Than sway with them in theirs.

COM. On, to the Capitol! 220

[*Flourish. Cornets. Exeunt in state, as before. BRUTUS
and SICINIUS come forward.*]

BRU. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
Are spectacl'd to see him: your prattling nurse
Into a rapture lets her baby cry
While she chats him: the kitchen malkin* pins
Her richest lockram* 'bout her reechy* neck,
Clambering the walls to eye him: stalls,* bulks,* windows,
Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges horsed
With variable* complexions,* all agreeing

208—9 *Com.* 'Always the same: wise as ever.' *Cor.* 'Always the same Menenius: blunt as ever.' So *Jul. Cæs. v. I, 63*, "Old Cassius still!"

214 *Change of honours.* New honours.

215 'To see myself in possession of all I wished for.'

219—20 The more power, the more responsibility, and the less freedom.

223 *Cry into a rapture.* Cry itself into a passion, at being forgotten.

224 'Chats' or 'talks Coriolanus': as we say that a man talks crops, talks dogs, talks fences: "*sulcos et vineta crepat mera.*"

227 *Ridges horsed.* Men astride of the gables.

228 *Variable complexions.* All sorts of men with all sorts of faces, but all alike in this. 'Horsed with faces' may be compared with 'pluck reproof from every ear,' (*ii. 2, 37.*)

In earnestness to see him: seld-shown * flamens
 Do press among the popular throngs and puff 230
 To win a vulgar station: our veil'd dames
 Commit the war of white and damask in
 Their nicely-gawded cheeks to the wanton spoil
 Of Phœbus' burning kisses: such a pother
 As if that* whatsoever god who leads him
 Were slyly crept into his human powers
 And gave him graceful posture.

SIC.

On the sudden,

I warrant him consul.

BRU.

Then our office may,

During his power, go sleep.

SIC. He cannot temperately transport his honours 240
 From where he should begin, and end, but will
 Lose those he hath won.

BRU.

In that there's comfort.

SIC.

Doubt not

The commoners, for whom we stand, but they
 Upon their ancient malice will forget
 With the least cause these his new honours, which
 That he will give them make I as little question

232 *The war of white and damask.* Cp. Tam. of Shrew, iv.
 5, 29—

“Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?
 Such war of white and red within her cheeks?”

233 *Nicely-gawded.* Adorned so daintily—whether by art or
 nature.

235 ‘As if it were not he, the man himself, but “whatsoever
 god who leads him,” (the god, whoever he may be, his guardian,)
 in his likeness.’

240—2 ‘He will make shipwreck by the way: for he will begin
 by claiming too much, and he will not know where to stop.’
From where he should begin, and end—is usually explained as=
 ‘from where he should begin, to where he should end:’ and a
 similar expression is quoted from *Cymb.* iii. 2, 65—“the gap
 in time, *from* our hence-going *and* our return.” The passage
 in *Cymbeline* admits of no other explanation: but here it
 seems better to connect ‘transport . . . and end’—‘He
 will not know how to advance temperately, step by step of
 honour, from a modest and wise beginning—and so temperately
 end.’

244 *Upon.* On the strength of the old grudge.

As he is proud to do 't.

BRU. I heard him swear,
Were he to stand for consul, never would he
Appear i' the market-place nor on him put
The napless vesture of humility ;
Nor, showing, as the manner is, his wounds
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

250

SIC. 'T is right.

BRU. It was his word : O, he would miss it rather
Than carry it but by the suit of the gentry to him
And the desire of the nobles.

SIC. I wish no better
Than have him hold that purpose and to put it
In execution.

BRU. 'T is most like he will.

SIC. It shall be to him then as our good wills,
A sure destruction.

BRU. So it must fall out
To him or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people in what hatred
He still hath held them ; that to 's power he would
Have made them mules, silenced their pleaders and
Disproportioned their freedoms, holding them,

260

246—7 As he is proud of giving them cause of offence, so I am sure he will.

250 *Napless* = threadbare. This is from Plutarch, who says (in North's translation), "It was the custom of Rome at that time, that such as did sue for any office should for certain days before be in the market-place, only with a poor gown on their backs, and without any coat underneath, to pray the people to remember them at the day of election."

258 *As our good wills*: scil. *are*. 'It will fare with him then, as we cordially desire it may.'

260 *Our authorities*. Our authority as tribunes. Plural, like 'our good wills,' and above, 'your dispositions,' your pleasures.'

ib. *For an end*. 'Lastly'—we have a part to play.

261 *Suggest the people*. So Rich. II. i. 1, 101—"suggest his soon believing adversaries." Henry VIII. i. 1, 164: "suggests the king our master."

262 *To's power*. To the utmost of his power.

264 *Disproportioned their freedoms*. Made their freedom no freedom ; taken from it all properties of freedom.

In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul nor fitness for the world
Than camels in the war, who have their provand*
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.

SIC. This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence 270
Shall teach the people—which time shall not want,
If he be put upon 't; and that's as easy
As to set dogs on sheep—will be his fire
To kindle their dry stubble; and their blaze
Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a Messenger.

BRU. What's the matter?

MESS. You are sent for to the Capitol. 'T is thought
That Marcius shall be consul:
I have seen the dumb men throng to see him and
The blind to hear him speak: matrons flung gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchers, 280
Upon him as he pass'd: the nobles bended,
As to Jove's statue, and the commons made
A shower and thunder with their caps and shouts:
I never saw the like.

BRU. Let's to the Capitol;
And carry with us ears and eyes for the time,
But hearts for the event.

SIC. Have with you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. The Capitol.*

Enter two Officers, to lay cushions.

FIRST OFF. Come, come, they are almost here. How
many stand for consulships?

SEC. OFF. Three, they say: but 't is thought of every
one Coriolanus will carry it.

FIRST OFF. That's a brave fellow; but he's vengeance
proud, and loves not the common people. 7

271 *Shall teach the people.* What manner of man he is; open
their eyes. Or, perhaps, as Gideon "taught" the men of Suc-
coth. *teach* Ff. *touch* Hanmer (followed by Camb. edd.)

278 *Dumb men,* dumb and deaf: *to see him,* see him speak.

285 *For the time,* the present: *for the event,* what is to come.

SEC. OFF. Faith, there have been many great men that have flattered the people, who ne'er loved them ; and there be many that they have loved, they know not wherefore : so that, if they love they know not why, they hate upon no better a ground : therefore, for Coriolanus neither to care whether they love or hate him manifests the true knowledge he has in their disposition ; and out of his noble carelessness lets them plainly see't. 17

FIRST OFF. If he did not care whether he had their love or no, he waved indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good nor harm : but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him ; and leaves nothing undone that may fully discover him their opposite.* Now, to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love. 26

SEC. OFF. He hath deserved worthily of his country ; and his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those who, having been supple and courteous to the people, bonneted, without any further deed to have them at all, into their estimation and report : but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confess so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury ; to report otherwise,

14 'To care in neither case—if they love him, or if they hate him : ' Cp. i. 3, 69—'or whether. . . . or.'

ib. 'Such carelessness shews that he understands them : and, of his carelessness, he lets them see that he does.' *He* to be understood before *lets* : as often, especially in Spenser ; e.g. F. Q. ii. 2, 8—"At last, when failing breath began to faint, And *saw* no means to scape."

19 *He waved*. Conditional, would wave. 'He would swing to and fro between doing them good and doing them harm, neutral, so as to do neither : ' 'stop short, here, of doing good, there, of doing harm.'

29 *As those*. As the ascent of those.

30 *To bonnet* (or *cap*) a man is to uncover in sign of respect. *Bonneted into their estimation and report*, bonneted their way, made their way by dint of bonneting and servility, into the favour of the people. So v. 1, 5, "Knee the way into his mercy."—*Without any further deed to have them at all*, doing no single other thing to win them, (viz. estimation and report.)—The punctuation and explanation of the passage are due to Dr. Delius.

were a malice, that, giving itself the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from every ear that heard it.

FIRST OFF. No more of him ; he's a worthy man : make way, they are coming. 40

A sennet. Enter, with Lictors before them, COMINIUS the consul, MENENIUS, CORIOLANUS, Senators, SICINIUS and BRUTUS. The Senators take their places ; the Tribunes take their places by themselves. CORIOLANUS stands.*

MEN. Having determined of the Volsces and To send for Titus Lartius, it remains, As the main point of this our after-meeting, To gratify his noble service that Hath thus stood for his country : therefore, please you, Most reverend and grave elders, to desire The present consul, and last general In our well-found successes, to report A little of that worthy work perform'd By Caius Marcius Coriolanus, whom 50 We met here both to thank and to remember With honours like himself.

FIRST SEN. Speak, good Cominius : Leave nothing out for length, and make us think Rather our state's defective for requital Than we to stretch it out. [*To the Tribunes*] Masters o' the people, We do request your kindest ears, and after, Your loving motion toward the common body, To yield what passes here.

37 *Pluck.* Draw, compel. So above, i. 3, 8—"plucked all gaze his way."

44 *Gratify.* Return thanks for. Cp. M. of V. iv. 1, 406 (Abbott.)

47 'Still consul, lately general.'

48 *Well-found successes.* We still say 'to find success' (as Tro. and Cress. iv. 5, 149), though not "to find successes."

50 *Whom.* Governed by 'to thank and to remember.'

55 *Than we to stretch it out.* Make us think that, if defect is anywhere, it is rather the state that is defective in power to requite deserving, than we in zeal to stretch its power to the utmost : let that which is surely most impossible seems possible rather than this.

56 'After listening to us, so to bear yourselves towards the people that they shall be moved to grant what we agree to.'

SIC. We are convented*
Upon a pleasing treaty, and have hearts
Inclinable* to honour and advance 60
The theme of our assembly.

BRU. Which the rather
We shall be blest to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people than
He hath hereto prized them at.

MEN. That's off, that's off ;
I would you rather had been silent. Please you
To hear Cominius speak ?

BRU. Most willingly ;
But yet my caution was more pertinent
Than the rebuke you give it.

MEN. He loves your people ;
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.
Worthy Cominius, speak. [CORIOLANUS offers to go away.
Nay, keep your place. 70

FIRST SEN. Sit, Coriolanus ; never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.

COR. Your honours' pardon :
I had rather have my wounds to heal again
Than hear say how I got them.

BRU. Sir, I hope
My words disbench'd you not.

COR. No, sir : yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
You soothed* not, therefore hurt not : but your people,
I love them as they weigh.

MEN. Pray now, sit down.

COR. I had rather have one scratch my head i' the sun

59 'To make a treaty (touching Coriolanus) which we are
nothing loth to make.'

61 *The theme of our assembly.* Coriolanus.

62 *Blest to do.* Blessed in doing.

64 *Off.* Wide of the matter, irrelevant.

75 *Disbench'd you.* Caused you to rise.

78 *As they weigh.* In proportion to their weight, their
worth.

79 *Have one scratch my head i' the sun.* Amorously : sit
to be fondled in the sunshine. So 2 Henry IV. ii. 4, 281—
"Look whether the withered elder hath not his poll clawed li
a parrot."

When the alarum* were struck than idly sit 80
 To hear my nothings monster'd. [Exit.

MEN. Masters of the people,
 Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter—
 That's thousand to one good one—when you now see
 He had rather venture all his limbs for honour
 Than one on's ears to hear it? Proceed, Cominius.

COM. I shall lack voice : the deeds of Coriolanus
 Should not be utter'd feebly. It is held
 That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
 Most dignifies the haver : if it be,
 The man I speak of cannot in the world 90
 Be singly counterpoised. At sixteen years,
 When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
 Beyond the mark of others : our then dictator,
 Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
 When with his Amazonian chin he drove
 The bristled lips before him : he bestrid
 An o'er-press'd Roman and i' the consul's view
 Slew three opposers : Tarquin's self he met,
 And struck him on his knee : in that day's feats,
 When he might act the woman in the scene, 100
 He proved best man i' the field, and for his meed

80 *When the alarum were struck.* So Rich. III. iv. 4, 148 :
 "Strike alarum, drums!"

81 *Monster'd.* Magnified into monsters. So Lear i. 1, 223
 —"Sure, her offence Must be of such unnatural degree, That
monsters it."

83 *That's thousand to one good one.* 'Spawn, that, for one
 good man among the worthless, may be counted by the thousand.'

85 *Than one on's ears to here it.* 'Than lend so much as one
 ear' (we say 'half an ear') 'to hear it, hear how he ventured.'
 Perhaps, but not so well, 'hear flattery.'

91 *Be singly counterpoised.* Find his match, man against man.

92 *Made a head.* Raised an army. We say, 'to make
 head' against an enemy. 1 Henry IV. 4, 25—"a *head* of gallant
 warriors."

ib. *For Rome.* His army's destination.

99 *On his knee.* So that he dropped upon his knee.

100 *He might act.* It was permitted him to act, (er
 mochte,) being so young. (We say 'He might have acted.')
 With allusion to the stage : women's parts in Shakspeare's time
 being played by boys. Hence Ant. and Cle. v. 2, 219—"I shall
 see some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness."

Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil-age
 Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea,
 And in the brunt* of seventeen battles since
 He lurch'd* all swords of the garland. For this last,
 Before and in Corioli, let me say,
 I cannot speak him home: he stopp'd the fliers;
 And by his rare example made the coward
 Turn terror into sport: as weeds before
 A vessel under sail, so men obey'd 110
 And fell below his stem: his sword, death's stamp,*
 Where it did mark, it took; from face to foot
 He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
 Was timed with dying cries: alone he enter'd

102 *Brow-bound with the oak.* His reward, in strictness, not for being 'best man i' the field,' but for saving 'the o'erpressed Roman.' See i. 9, 60, *note*.

ib. *His pupil-age man-entered.* Having entered as a man the age of boyhood.

105 *Lurched all swords of the garland.* Bore away the palm from all the Romans.

107 *I cannot speak him home.* Describe him fully, to the core, (*penitus*.) A 'home-thrust' is one that 'comes home' to a man: *καίρια πληγή*. So Shakspeare has, in this play, "to strike home," "to charge home," "to tell home:" and (*Macb.* i. 3, 120,) "to trust home;" (*Cymb.* iii. 5, 92,) "to satisfy home;" (*Meas. for Meas.* iv. 4, 148,) "accuse him home and home," etc.

109 *Weeds.* 1st Folio. Some editors prefer the reading of the later Folios, 'waves,' as more poetical and dignified. The earlier reading, however, (besides having the superior authority of the 1st Folio,) is really more appropriate, expressing, in the helplessness of the Volscians before Coriolanus, his heroic and superhuman prowess, whereas the image of a ship stemming the waves would rather suggest that his courage triumphed over superior strength. Again, waves could hardly be said to *fall* under the vessel's stem.

111 *His sword, death's stamp.* Sword, with which Death stamps men, seals men, for his own.

112 *Where it did mark, it took.* Where it marked, marked effectually: set no doubtful or illegible mark upon its victims: never half-killed. So Bacon, *Nat. Hist.* (quoted by Johnson), "In impressions from mind to mind, the impression *taketh*, but is overcome, etc."

114 'The cries of the dying were the music to which he moved.'

The mortal gate of the city, which he painted
 With shunless destiny ; aidless came off,
 And with a sudden re-inforcement struck
 Corioli like a planet : now all 's his :
 When, by and by, the din of war gan pierce
 His ready sense ; then straight his doubled spirit 120
 Requicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
 And to the battle came he ; where he did
 Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
 'T were a perpetual spoil : and till we call'd
 Both field and city ours, he never stood
 To ease his breast with panting.

MEN. Worthy man !

FIRST SEN. He cannot but with measure fit the honours
 Which we devise him.

COM. Our spoils he kick'd at,
 And look'd upon things precious as they were
 The common muck of the world : he covets less 130

115 *Mortal, deadly*—though not to him.

ib. *Which he painted with shunless destiny.* The inevitable doom of the city was as it were portrayed on the gates, in the blood that splashed them. Shakspeare often speaks of the stains of blood as *painting* : as above, i. 6, 68, "this painting wherein ye see me smeared," and 3 Henry VI. i, 4, 12, "with purple falchion, painted to the hilt in blood:" but here the word expresses *representation* as well as *colour*. So perhaps Tro. and Cress. i. 1, 93:

"Helen must needs be fair,
 When with your blood you daily paint her thus."

118 *Struck Corioli like a planet.* Like some planet of "ill aspect," that shakes the world with plagues and portents. Cp. Tro. and Cress. i. 3, 85—101 : and Tim. of Ath. iv. 3, 108—

"Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
 Will o'er some high-vised city hang his poison
 In the sick air : let not thy sword skip one."

And Hamlet i. 1, 162 : "The nights are wholesome ; then no planets *strike*."

119 *The din of war.* Above, i. 5, 9.

120 *His ready sense.* Quick hearing.

123 *Reeking.* Smoking with blood, as above, i. 4, 11.

124 *As if 't were a perpetual spoil.* As if he had only to spoil men slain already ; so they "went down before him at a touch."

127 *Fit with measure.* Fill as by measurement, no room to spare, whatever honours we devise for him to wear.

130 *Muck of the world* : "vilia rerum."

Than misery itself would give ; rewards
His deeds with doing them, and is content
To spend the time, to end it.

MEN. He's right noble :

Let him be call'd for.

FIRST SEN. Call Coriolanus.

OFF. He doth appear.

Re-enter CORIOLANUS.

MEN. The senate, Coriolanus, are well pleased
To make thee consul.

COR. I do owe them still

My life and services.

MEN. It then remains

That you do speak to the people.

COR. I do beseech you,

Let me o'erleap that custom, for I cannot 140

Put on the gown, stand naked and entreat them,

For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage : please you

That I may pass this doing.

SIC. Sir, the people

Must have their voices ; neither will they bate*

One jot of ceremony.

MEN. Put them not to 't :

Pray you, go fit you to the custom and

Take to you, as your predecessors have,

Your honour with your form.

COR. It is a part

That I shall blush in acting, and might well

Be taken from the people.

BRU. Mark you that ?

150

131 *Misery.* Poverty.

133 *Is content to spend the time, to end it.* That the time should pass, and the end come, bringing no reward—no more to be said of it than that, the time having passed, the end has come—to this he is contented to look forward.

137 *Still.* Always.

141 *Stand naked.* "With a poor gown on their backs, and without any coat underneath:" *Plutarch.* See ii. 1, 250, *note.*

143 *Pass this doing.* Omit this ceremony.

145 *Put them not to 't.* Press not too hard upon them. Cp. i. 1, 233.

148 *With your form.* With all formalities that are required of you.

COR. To brag unto them, thus I did, and thus ;
Show them the unaching scars which I should hide,
As if I had received them for the hire
Of their breath only !

MEN. Do not stand upon 't.
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose to them : and to our noble consul
Wish we all joy and honour.

SENATORS. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour !
[*Flourish of cornets. Exeunt all but SICINIUS and*
BRUTUS.

BRU. You see how he intends to use the people.

SIC. May they perceive 's intent ! He will require them,
As if he did contemn what he requested 161
Should be in them to give.

BRU. Come, we 'll inform them
Of our proceedings here : on the market-place,
I know, they do attend us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. The Forum.*

Enter seven or eight Citizens.

FIRST CIT. Once, if he do require our voices, we ought
not to deny him.

SEC. CIT. We may, sir, if we will.

THIRD CIT. We have power in ourselves to do it, but
it is a power that we have no power to do ; for if he show
us his wounds and tell us his deeds, we are to put our
tongues into those wounds and speak for them ; so, if he
tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our noble
acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous, and for
the multitude to be ingrateful, were to make a monster of
the multitude ; of the which we being members, should
bring ourselves to be monstrous members. 14

152 *Unaching.* Painless ; to be forgotten therefore. Cp. iii.
3, 52 : " scars to move laughter only."

154 *Their breath.* Their voices for my election.

156 *Our purpose to them.* What we propose to them.

161 ' That the consulship he sues for should be theirs to give.'

1 *Once.* Once for all. So Com. of Err. iii. 1, 89—" Once
this."

5 *A power that we have no power to do.* A right that we
cannot exercise. Legally, we can ; morally, we cannot.

FIRST CIT. And to make us no better thought of, a little help will serve; for once we stood up about the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-headed multitude.

THIRD CIT. We have been called so of many; not that our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely coloured: and truly I think if all our wits were to issue out of one skull, they would fly east, west, north, south, and their consent of one direct way should be at once to all the points o' the compass. 26

SEC. CIT. Think you so? Which way do you judge my wit would fly?

THIRD CIT. Nay, your wit will not so soon out as another man's will; 'tis strongly wedged up in a block-head, but if it were at liberty, 'twould, sure, southward.

SEC. CIT. Why that way?

THIRD CIT. To lose itself in a fog, where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.

SEC. CIT. You are never without your tricks; you may, you may. 39

THIRD CIT. Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that's no matter, the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

[Enter CORIOLANUS in a gown of humility, with MENENIUS.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility: mark his behaviour. We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He's

16 *For.* Because.

18 *The many-headed multitude.* The ποικίλον καὶ πολυκέφαλον θηρίον of Plato (Rep. ix. p. 588) represents, in men or states, the multifarious appetites of human nature, turbulent and strong: of the three principles—rational, ambitious, appetitive—the last and lowest in the scale. So Horace to the Roman public—“Bellua multorum es capitum. Nam quid sequar aut quem?”

24 *Their consent, etc.* They would agree to disagree: their one way would be at once to go all ways.

39 *You may, you may.* Have your joke out. Pray go on. So Tro. and Cress. iii. 1, 118.

to make his requests by particulars ; wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues : therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him. 52

ALL. Content, content. [Exeunt Citizens.

MEN. O sir, you are not right : have you not known The worthiest men have done 't ?

COR. What must I say ?
'I pray, sir,'—Plague upon 't ! I cannot bring My tongue to such a pace :—' Look, sir, my wounds ! I got them in my country's service, when Some certain of your brethren roar'd and ran From the noise of our own drums.'

MEN. O me, the gods ! 60
You must not speak of that : you must desire them To think upon you.

COR. Think upon me ! hang 'em !
I would they would forget me, like the virtues Which our divines lose by 'em.

MEN. You'll mar all :
I'll leave you : pray you, speak to 'em, I pray you, In wholesome manner. [Exit.

COR. Bid them wash their faces
And keep their teeth clean. [Re-enter two of the Citizens.

So, here comes a brace. [Re-enter a third Citizen.
You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.

THIRD CIT. We do, sir ; tell us what hath brought you to 't. 70

COR. Mine own desert.

SEC. CIT. Your own desert !

COR. Ay, but not mine own desire.

THIRD CIT. How not your own desire ?

COR. No, sir, 't was never my desire yet to trouble the poor with begging.

48 *By particulars.* Addressing himself to us 'particularly' one by one.

49 *Has a single honour.* Is specially and personally honoured.

64 *Like the virtues which our divines lose by 'em.* As they forget the virtues which our divines, (cp. the allusion to graves in the churchyard, iii. 3, 51,) in pure waste preach to them.

66 *Wholesome.* Rational. So Hamlet iii. 2, 328 : "*Guil.* If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer . . . *Ham.* Sir, I cannot . . . my wit's diseased."

THIRD CIT. You must think, if we give you any thing, we hope to gain by you. 79

COR. Well then, I pray, your price o' the consulship?

FIRST CIT. The price is to ask it kindly.

COR. Kindly! Sir, I pray, let me ha't: I have wounds to show you, which shall be yours in private. Your good voice, sir; what say you?

SEC. CIT. You shall ha' it, worthy sir.

COR. A match, sir. There's in all two worthy voices begged. I have your alms: adieu.

THIRD CIT. But this is something odd. 89

SEC. CIT. An 't were to give again,—but 't is no matter.

[*Exeunt the three Citizens.*]

Re-enter two other Citizens.

COR. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown.

FOURTH CIT. You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly.

COR. Your enigma?

FOURTH CIT. You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends; you have not indeed loved the common people. 99

COR. You should account me the more virtuous that I have not been common in my love. I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother, the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them: 't is a condition* they account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod and be off to them most counterfeitly; that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man and give it bountiful to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul. 110

FIFTH CIT. We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

FOURTH CIT. You have received many wounds for your country.

91 *If it may stand with.* If it be not inconsistent with.

96 *Your enigma?* How shall I read your riddle?

103 *'T is a condition they account gentle.* The disposition, namely, to flatter them.

107 *Be off to them.* Off with my hat.

COR. I will not seal your knowledge with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

BOTH CIT. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily! [*Exeunt.*]

COR. Most sweet voices!

Better it is to die, better to sterve,* 129

Than crave the hire which first we do deserve.

Why in this † woolvish toge should I stand here,

To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear,

Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to 't:

What custom wills, in all things should we do 't,

The dust on antique time would lie unswept,

And mountainous error be too highly heapt

For truth to o'er-peer. Rather than fool it so,

Let the high office and the honour go

To one that would do thus.—I am half through; 130

The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

Re-enter three Citizens more.

Here come moe* voices.

115 *Seal your knowledge.* Confirm it.

116 *I will make much of your voices*—Which you have given me: content myself with them, and ask for no more of your company.

122 *Toge* Steevens conj. *tongue* Folio 1: *gown* Folios 2, 3, 4. Of 'woolvish,' so spelt in all the Folios, Coleridge asks—"Does 'woolvish' mean 'made of wool?' If it means 'wolfish,' what is the sense?" 'Wolfish' has been explained (1) as = 'shaggy,' or 'coarse;' (2) 'hypocritical'—a strangely tortuous allusion to the wolf in sheep's clothing. But, if 'woolvish' can mean 'woollen,' it is either contemptuous, like "woollen vassals," (iii. 2, 9,) or, since there was "no coat underneath the poor gown," it may perhaps be explained by comparison with Love's *L. L. v. 2, 716*, "I have no shirt, I go *woolward* for penance." [Perhaps Shakspeare wrote *woollich* (or *woolish*)—the strangeness of the word suggesting either repugnance or contempt.]

123 *Hob and Dick.* Roman roughs with names of English rustics.

124 *Their needless vouches.* The voice of the senate, he means, should need no such confirmation by the voice of the people.

127 *Mountainous error.* Error, a dust-heap mountain-high.

129 'Let it go,' he says: then suddenly changes his mind.

Your voices : for your voices I have fought ;
 Watch'd for your voices ; for your voices bear
 Of wounds two dozen odd ; battles thrice six
 I have seen and heard of ; for your voices have
 Done many things, some less, some more : your voices :
 Indeed, I would be consul.

SIXTH CIT. He has done nobly, and cannot go without
 any honest man's voice. 140

SEVENTH CIT. Therefore let him be consul : the gods
 give him joy, and make him good friend to the people !

ALL CIT. Amen, amen. God save thee, noble consul !
 [*Exeunt.*]

COR. Worthy voices !

Re-enter MENENIUS, with BRUTUS and SICINIUS.

MEN. You have stood your limitation ;* and the tribunes
 Endue you with the people's voice : remains
 That, in the official marks invested, you
 Anon do meet the senate.

COR. Is this done ?

SIC. The custom of request you have discharged :
 The people do admit you, and are summon'd 150
 To meet anon,* upon your approbation.

COR. Where ? at the senate-house ?

SIC. There, Coriolanus.

COR. May I change these garments ?

SIC. You may, sir.

COR. That I'll straight do ; and, knowing myself again,
 Repair to the senate-house.

MEN. I'll keep you company. Will you along ?

134 *Watched for your voices.* Passed sleepless nights for them.

136 *I have seen and heard of.* Contemptuously, 'have had more or less acquaintance with.'

146 *Your limitation.* As much as is required of you ; the prescribed amount of standing.

147 *Remains.* Where we say *it remains* ; the subject being 'that you do meet the senate.' The usual construction of impersonal verbs (so called) in our old writers : e.g. Spens. F. Q. i. 1, 130 : "With holy father *sits not* with such things to mell."

152 *Upon your approbation.* For the purpose of approving, confirming your election. So above, ii. 2, 58 : "we are contented *upon* a pleasing treaty."

BRU. We stay here for the people.

SIC.

Fare you well.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS and MENENIUS.

He has it now, and by his looks methinks

'T is warm at 's heart.

160

BRU. With a proud heart he wore his humble weeds.*
Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter Citizens.

SIC. How now, my masters! have you chose this man?

FIRST CIT. He has our voices, sir.

BRU. We pray the gods he may deserve your loves.

SEC. CIT. Amen, sir: to my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us when he begg'd our voices.

THIRD CIT.

Certainly

He flouted us downright.

FIRST CIT. No, 't is his kind of speech: he did not
mock us.

SEC. CIT. Not one amongst us, save yourself, but
says

170

He used us scornfully: he should have show'd us

His marks of merit, wounds received for 's country.

SIC. Why, so he did, I am sure.

CITIZENS.

No, no; no man saw 'em.

THIRD CIT. He said he had wounds, which he could
show in private;

And with his hat, thus waving it in scorn,

'I would be consul,' says he: 'aged custom,

But by your voices, will not so permit me;

Your voices therefore.' When we granted that,

Here was 'I thank you for your voices: thank you:

Your most sweet voices: now you have left your voices,

I have no further with you.' Was not this mockery? 181

SIC. Why either were you ignorant to see 't,

160 'T is warm at 's heart. There is rage in his heart.

166 My poor unworthy notice. My humble powers of observation.

176 Aged custom. Perhaps custom personified—"Use and wont, gray sisters." Or, more probably, Shakspeare had forgotten that consular government was only eighteen years old. So iii. 3, 17, "the old prerogative."

177 Will not so permit me. Permit me to be so, to be consul.

182 Ignorant to see 't. Blind to it, too ignorant to see it.

Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices?

BRU. Could you not have told him
As you were lesson'd, when he had no power,
But was a petty servant to the state,
He was your enemy, ever spake against
Your liberties and the charters that you bear
I' the body of the weal* ; and now, arriving*
A place of potency and sway o' the state, 190
If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe to the plebeii, your voices might
Be curses to yourselves? You should have said
That as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for, so his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices and
Translate* his malice towards you into love,
Standing your friendly lord,

SIC. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advised, had touch'd his spirit
And tried his inclination ; from him pluck'd 200
Either his gracious promise, which you might,
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to ;
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature,
Which easily endures not article*
Tying him to aught ; so putting him to rage,
You should have ta'en the advantage of his choler
And pass'd him unelected.

BRU. Did you perceive
He did solicit you in free contempt
When he did need your loves, and do you think
That his contempt shall not be bruising to you, 210
When he hath power to crush? Why, had your bodies
No heart among you? or had you tongues to cry

183 *Of such childish friendliness to yield.* So childishly good-natured as to yield.

192 *Plebeii.* See i. 9, 7, note.

195 *Would stand.* Would, you doubted not.

198 *Standing.* Understand *he* from *his gracious nature.*

202 *Cause.* Occasion. Cp. i. 6, 83.

212 *Heart.* Sense, wisdom. Cp. i. 1, 120, "the counsellor heart." So, in Latin, *cor, cordatus.*

ib. *Tongues to cry oui, etc.* Rebellious tongues, clamorous against the dictates of common sense.

Against the rectorship of judgment ?

SIC. Have you
Ere now denied the asker ? and now again
On him that did not ask, but mock, bestow
Your sued-for tongues ?

THIRD CIT. He's not confirm'd ; we may deny him yet.

SEC. CIT. And will deny him :
I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

FIRST CIT. I twice five hundred and their friends to
piece 'em. 220

BRU. Get you hence instantly, and tell those friends,
They have chose a consul that will from them take
Their liberties ; make them of no more voice
Than dogs that are as often beat for barking
As therefore kept to do so.

SIC. Let them assemble,
And on a safer judgment all revoke
Your ignorant election ; enforce his pride,
And his old hate unto you ; besides, forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble weed,*
How in this suit he scorn'd you ; but your loves, 230
Thinking upon his services, took from you
The apprehension of his present portance,* which
Most gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

BRU. Lay
A fault on us, your tribunes ; that we labour'd,
No impediment between, but that you must
Cast your election on him.

SIC. Say, you chose him

215 *On him*, Theobald. *Of him*, Ff: a natural confusion, arising from the use of *on*, colloquially, for *of*.

216 *Your sued-for tongues*. Accustomed to be sued for.

220 *To piece 'em*. To supplement them, piece them out.

223 *Of no more voice*. No more authority.

224 'Dogs that are kept on purpose that they may bark, and yet are often beaten for their pains.'

227 *Enforce*. Urge, dwell upon.

238 *After*. According to. So below, 238, "after our commandment."

236 *No impediment between*. No obstacle being left in the way. Say that we so laboured for him, that no obstacle was left which might have made it possible for you to reject him.

More after our commandment than as guided
 By your own true affections, and that your minds,
 Pre-occupied with what you rather must do 240
 Than what you should, made you against the grain*
 To voice him consul : lay the fault on us.

BRU. Ay, spare us not. Say we read lectures to you,
 How youngly he began to serve his country,
 How long continued, and what stock he springs of,
 The noble house o' the Marcians, from whence came
 That Ancus Marcius, Numa's daughter's son,
 Who, after great Hostilius, here was king ;
 Of the same house Publius and Quintus were,
 That our best water brought by conduits hither : 250
 And [Censorinus,] nobly named so,
 Twice being [by the people chosen] censor,
 Was his great ancestor.

SIC. One thus descended,
 That hath beside well in his person wrought
 To be set high in place, we did commend
 To your remembrances : but you have found,
 Scaling* his present bearing with his past,
 That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
 Your sudden approbation.

BRU. Say, you ne'er had done't—
 Harp on that still—but by our putting on : 260

239 *Affections.* Feelings:

251—2 *And Censorinus ancestor.* The Folios have—

“And nobly nam'd, so twice being Censor
 Was his great Ancestor.”

The life of Coriolanus, in North's Plutarch, begins thus : “The house of the Martians at Rome was of the number of the patricians, Of the same house was Publius and Quintus, who brought to Rome their best water they had by conduits. Censorinus also came of that family, that was so surnamed because the people had chosen him censor twice.” From this the text has been variously restored. The reading given above is that of the Cambridge Editors. After the allusions to Cato and Galen, it does not surprise us to be reminded that there were no censors at Rome till 48 years after the banishment of Coriolanus, and that the noble personages here mentioned (with the exception of Ancus) were his descendants, not his ancestors.

260 *Our putting on.* Our instigation. So Henry VIII. i. 2, 24, “putter-on of these exactions.”

And presently, when you have drawn your number,
Repair to the Capitol.

ALL. We will so : almost all
Repent in their election. [Exeunt Citizens.

BRU. Let them go on ;
This mutiny were better put in hazard,
Than stay, past doubt, for greater :
If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
With their refusal, both observe and answer
The vantage of his anger.

SIC. To the Capitol, come :
We will be there before the stream o' the people :
And this shall seem, as partly 't is, their own, 270
Which we have goaded onward. [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Rome. A street.

Cornets. Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, all the Gentry,
COMINIUS, TITUS LARTIUS, and other Senators.

COR. Tullus Aufidius then had made new head ?

LART. He had, my lord ; and that it was which caused
Our swifter composition.*

COR. So then the Volsces stand but as at first,
Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road
Upon 's again.

COM. They are worn, lord consul, so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.

261 *Drawn.* So i. 6, 83, "draw out my command."

263 *Repent in their election.* Not 'repent that they elected him,' which would require *of*, but 'elect him with altered feelings,' 'feel differently in electing him.' His election is not yet completed.

266 *Fall in rage.* In=into. So iii. 1, 33, "fall in broil." Jul. Cæs. i. 3, 60, "You cast yourself in wonder." So *to fall in love.*

268 *Answer the vantage.* "Improve the opportunity" (Johnson), be ready for it, equal to it.

270 *Shall seem, etc.* Shall seem their own—which indeed it partly is, though goaded on by us.

1 *Made new head.* See ii. 2, 92, *note.*

7 *In our ages.* In this age, the age of any of us. Cp. for the plural, ii. 1, 260, 264—"our authorities," "their freedoms."

COR. Saw you Aufidius?

LART. On safe-guard he came to me; and did curse
Against the Volsces, for they had so vilely 10
Yielded the town: he is retired to Antium.

COR. Spoke he of me?

LART. He did, my lord,

COR. How? what?

LART. How often he had met you, sword to sword;
That of all things upon the earth he hated
Your person most, that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be call'd your vanquisher.

COR. At Antium lives he?

LART. At Antium.

COR. I wish I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his hatred fully. Welcome home. 20

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

Behold, these are the tribunes of the people,
The tongues o' the common mouth: I do despise them;
For they do prank* them in authority,
Against all noble sufferance.

SIC. Pass no further.

COR. Ha! what is that?

BRU. It will be dangerous to go on: no further.

COR. What makes this change?

MEN. The matter?

COM. Hath he not pass'd the noble and the common?

BRU. Cominius, no.

COR. Have I had children's voices? 30

FIRST SEN. Tribunes, give way; he shall to the market-
place.

9 *On safe-guard.* So i. 10, 25—"upon my brother's guard."

16 *To hopeless restitution*=To hopelessness (impossibility) of restitution.

20 *To oppose his hatred.* To meet hate with hate.

23 *Prank them in authority.* Cp. *Meas. for Meas.* ii. 2, 118—"Drest in a little brief authority."

24 *Against all noble sufferance.* Their assumption of authority offends the long-suffering patricians.

29 *Passed.* Been approved by.

ib. *The noble and the common.* The nobility and the commonalty, (what is noble and what is common.) So *the common*, i. 1, 155.

BRU. The people are incensed against him.

SIC.

Stop,

Or all will fall in broil.*

COR.

Are these your herd?

Must these have voices, that can yield them now

And straight disclaim their tongues? What are your offices?

You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?

Have you not set them on?

MEN.

Be calm, be calm.

COR. It is a purposed thing, and grows by plot,

To curb the will of the nobility :

Suffer 't, and live with such as cannot rule

40

Nor ever will be ruled.

BRU.

Call 't not a plot :

The people cry you mock'd them, and of late,

When corn was given them gratis, you repined :

Scandal'd* the suppliants for the people, call'd them

Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

COR. Why, this was known before.

BRU.

Not to them all.

COR. Have you inform'd them sithence*?

BRU.

How! I inform them!

COM. You are like to do such business.

BRU.

Not unlike,

Each way, to better yours.

COR. Why then should I be consul? By yond clouds, 50

Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me

Your fellow tribune.

SIC.

You show too much of that

For which the people stir : if you will pass

To where you are bound, you must inquire your way,

Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit,

Or never be so noble as a consul,

Nor yoke with him for tribune.

MEN.

Let's be calm.

COM. The people are abused ; set on. This paltering*

Becomes not Rome, nor has Coriolanus

40 *Suffer 't and live.* Suffer it now and you will have to live henceforth.

49 *Each way, every way.—Yours, your way.*

51 *Let me deserve so ill as you.* Raise me to your bad eminence.

58 *Abused.* Deceived.

ib. *Set on.* Go on, set out. Jul. Cæs. ii. 1, 331—"set on

Deserved this so dishonour'd rub,* laid falsely 60
I' the plain way of his merit.

COR. Tell me of corn!

This was my speech, and I will speak 't again—

MEN. Not now, not now.

FIRST SEN. Not in this heat, sir, now.

COR. Now, as I live, I will. My nobler friends,
I crave their pardons:

For the mutable, rank-scented many,* let them
Regard me as I do not flatter, and
Therein behold themselves: I say again,
In soothing* them, we nourish 'gainst our senate
The cockle* o' rebellion, insolence, sedition, 70
Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd, and scatter'd,
By mingling them with us, the honour'd number,
Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that
Which they have given to beggars.

MEN. Well, no more.

FIRST SEN. No more words, we beseech you.

COR. How! no more!

As for my country I have shed my blood,
Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs
Coin words till their decay against those measles,
Which we disdain should tetter* us, yet sought
The very way to catch them.

BRU. You speak o' the people,

As if you were a god to punish, not 81
A man of their infirmity.

SIC. 'T were well

We let the people know 't.

MEN. What, what? his choler?

your foot;" iv. 3, 308—"bid him set on his powers;" v. 2, 3
—"let them set on at once."

60 *Dishonour'd*. Dishonourable.—*Falsely*, treacherously.

61 *I' the plain way of his merit*: making rough the smooth path by which he has deserved to come to honour.

67 *Regard me as I do not flatter*. *As=that*: 'regard this in me, that I am no flatterer, and *in this*, in my plain speaking, behold themselves.'

78 *Against those measles*. 'Measles' sometimes = lepers. But he rather compares the commons to a disease, with which the state is smitten.

83 *What, what? his choler?* Would you repeat the rash words of an angry man?

COR. Choler!

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
By Jove, 't would be my mind!

SIC.

It is a mind

That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any further.

COR.

Shall remain!

Hear you this Triton of the minnows? mark you
His absolute 'shall?'

COM.

'T was from the canon.

COR.

'Shall'! 90

O good but most unwise patricians! why,
You grave but reckless senators, have you thus
Given Hydra here to choose an officer,
That with his peremptory 'shall,' being but
The horn and noise o' the monsters, wants not spirit
To say he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then vail* your ignorance; if none, awake
Your dangerous lenity. If you are learn'd,
Be not as common fools; if you are not, 100
Let them have cushions by you. You are plebeians,
If they be senators: and they are no less,
When, both your voices blended, the great'st taste

89 *This Triton of the minnows.* This god of little fishes.

90 *'T was from the canon.* It was illegal, he exceeded his powers. *From* = away from: as Jul. Cæs. i. 3, 35: "Clean from the purpose of the things themselves."

93 *Hydra here.* Cp. ii. 3, 18, "the many-headed multitude."

95 *Horn and noise.* They blow through him—he is their clamour. So before, i, 36, "you being their *mouths*:" and i, 22, "tongues of the common mouth." *Monsters*, (= monster heads,) is the reading of the Folios. Perhaps we should read, as some Edd. do, *monster*. Dr. Delius and the Cambridge Edd. have *o' the monster's*—a double genitive, which after the def. art. used absolutely ('the horn and noise') can hardly be right.

98 *Vail your ignorance.* Abase your ignorance—your folly, fools that you were to give away such power—before him.

ib. *Awake your lenity.* Shake it off, disturb it. So Othello ii. 3, 258—"to have their balmy slumbers waked with strife."

101 *Let them have cushions by you.* Let the tribunes be senators too.

103 *The great'st taste most palates theirs.* 'The prevailing flavour of the whole smacks rather of their voice (their authority)

Most palates theirs. They choose their magistrate,
 And such a one as he, who puts his 'shall,'
 His popular 'shall,' against a graver bench
 Than ever frown'd in Greece. By Jove himself!
 It makes the consuls base: and my soul aches
 To know, when two authorities are up,
 Neither supreme, how soon confusion
 May enter 'twixt the gap of both and take
 The one by the other. 110

COM. Well, on to the market-place.

COR. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
 The corn o' the storehouse gratis, as 't was used
 Sometime in Greece,—

MEN. Well, well, no more of that.

COR. Though there the people had more absolute
 power,

I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
 The ruin of the state.

BRU. Why, shall the people give

One that speaks thus their voice?

COR. I'll give my reasons,

More worthier than their voices. They know the
 corn 120

Was not our recompense, resting well assured
 They ne'er did service for't: being press'd to the war,
 Even when the navel of the state was touch'd,

than of yours.' Judged by results, (the taste it leaves in the mouth) this dualized government of compromise gives expression to the popular, rather than to the patrician, will: the tribunicial nay is stronger than the consular yea. *To palate*—elsewhere, of the person who tastes: here, of the thing, or flavour, which affects the palate.

106 *Bench.* So *bencher*=senator, ii. 1, 92.

108 *My soul aches to know, etc.* Notice here (as above, ii. 3, 105), whatever the motive, the wisdom and largeness of view—of a patriot, rather than a partisan.

111 ' *'Twixt the gap of both.* Through the gap between the two.

112 *By the other.* By means of the other.

116 *Though there the people had more absolute power.* Though the people are not so formidable at present here as there, none the less the precedent is disastrous.

121 *Not our recompense.* Not meant by us as a recompense.

They would not thread the gates. This kind of service
 Did not deserve corn gratis. Being i' the war,
 Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd
 Most valour, spoke not for them : the accusation
 Which they have often made against the senate,
 All cause unborn, could never be the motive
 Of our so frank donation. Well, what then? 130
 How shall this bosom multiplied digest
 The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
 What's like to be their words : 'We did request it ;
 We are the greater poll,* and in true fear
 They gave us our demands.' Thus we debase
 The nature of our seats and make the rabble
 Call our cares fears ; which will in time
 Break ope the locks o' the senate and bring in
 The crows to peck the eagles.

MEN. Come, enough.

BRU. Enough, with over-measure.

COR. No, take more : 140
 What may be sworn by, both divine and human,

124 *Would not thread the gates.* Refused to march against the enemy. Cp. Rich. II. v. 5, 16—

“ It is as hard to come as for a camel
 To thread the postern of a small needle's eye.”

129 *All cause unborn.* ‘Without a cause,’ ‘no cause in nature for their making it.’

ib. *Motive.* Mason conj. The Folios have *native*: retaining which, we must either take it as a subst. = native (or natural) cause, or understand *cause* from the beginning of the line.

131 *This bosom multiplied.* This multitudinous bosom ; the bosoms of the multitude. Cp. Lear v. 3, 48—

“ Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
 To pluck *the common bosom* on his side :”

and (if the metaphor of the bosom's *digestion* seems strange)
 2 Henry IV. i. 3, 97—

“ So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge
 Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard.”

Most editors adopt the MS. correction in Mr. Collier's copy of the second Folio—*this bisson* (or *bissom*) *multitude*.

132 *Let deeds express what's like to be their words.* Their deeds are sufficient answer to the question : you have *seen* how they digest—in what sense they accept—your courtesy.

137 *Call our cares fears.* When we are careful for them, they think we fear them.

141 *What may be sworn by, etc.* He appeals to all that is

Seal what I end withal ! This double worship,
 Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
 Insult without all reason, where gentry, title, wisdom,
 Cannot conclude but by the yea and no
 Of general ignorance,—it must omit
 Real necessities, and give way the while
 To unstable slightness* : purpose so barr'd, it follows,
 Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore, beseech you,—
 You that will be less fearful than discreet, 150
 That love the fundamental part of state
 More than you doubt the change on't, that prefer
 A noble life before a long, and wish
 To jump a body with a dangerous physic
 That's sure of death without it, at once pluck out
 The multitudinous tongue ; let them not lick
 The sweet which is their poison : your dishonour
 Mangles true judgment and bereaves the state
 Of that integrity which should become't,

most sacred in heaven and earth to give force to what he is now about to urge—his proposal to abolish the tribunate.

142 *Worship*. Dignity (worthiness) of senate and of tribunes.

144 *Without all reason*. So Henry VIII. iv. 1, 113, "without all cause ;" and above, 1, 129, "all cause unborn."

ib. *Gentry*. Gentle blood.

145 'Can determine nothing but with the assent of an ignorant populace.'

148 *Unstable slightness*. The feebleness of vacillation.

150 *Less fearful than discreet*. He does not disguise the danger of the course that he advises, but to be fearless here is true discretion, for it is the single chance of safety.

152 *More than you doubt the change on't*. More than you fear its downfall—should you fail.

154 *To jump a body, etc*. Kill or cure—neck or nothing. To *jump* the ailing body—as it were, to put it at a desperate leap. So Ant. and Cle. iii. 8, 5—"Our fortune lies upon this *jump*:" and Macb. i. 7, 7—"We 'ld *jump* (*i.e.* chance) the life to come."

155 *Pluck out the multitudinous tongue*. Abolish the tribunate. Cp. above, 1, 22 : "the tongues of the common mouth."

157 *Their poison*. In a larger spirit again, identifying the true interests (as he conceives them) of the commons with those of the patricians. Stevens compares Meas. for Meas. i. 2, 133—"Like rats that ravin down their proper bane."

158 *Mangles*. Distorts.

159 *Integrity*. Thoroughness and singleness of purpose.

Not having the power to do the good it would, 160
For the ill which doth control't.

BRU. He has said enough.

SIC. He has spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
As traitors do.

COR. Thou wretch, despite* o'erwhelm thee!
What should the people do with these bald* tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To the greater bench: in a rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,
Then were they chosen: in a better hour,
Let what is meet be said it must be meet, 170
And throw their power i' the dust.

BRU. Manifest treason!

SIC. This a consul? no.

BRU. The ædiles, ho!

Enter an Ædile.

Let him be apprehended.

SIC. Go, call the people: [*Exit Ædile*] in whose name
myself
Attach* thee as a traitorous innovator,
A foe to the public weal*: obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer.

COR. Hence, old goat!

SENATORS, &c. We'll surety him.

COM. Aged sir, hands off.

COR. Hence, rotten thing! or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy garments.

SIC. Help, ye citizens! 180

Enter a rabble of Citizens (Plebeians), with the Ædiles.

MEN. On both sides more respect.

SIC. Here's he that would take from you all your power.

BRU. Seize him, ædiles!

CITIZENS. Down with him! down with him!

SENATORS, &c. Weapons, weapons, weapons!

[*They all bustle about CORIOLANUS, crying*
'Tribunes!' 'Patricians!' 'Citizens!' 'What, ho!'
'Sicinius!' 'Brutus!' 'Coriolanus!' 'Citizens!']

170 *It must be meet.* 'It is meet' and 'it must be' no longer
sundered.

177 *To thine answer.* To thine account.

'Peace, peace, peace!' 'Stay, hold, peace!'

MEN. What is about to be? I am out of breath ;
Confusion's near ; I cannot speak. You, tribunes 190
To the people ! Coriolanus, patience !
Speak, good Sicinius.

SIC. Hear me, people ; peace !

CITIZENS. Let's hear our tribune : peace ! Speak,
speak, speak.

SIC. You are at point to lose your liberties :
Marcius would have all from you ; Marcius,
Whom late you have named for consul.

MEN. Fie, fie, fie !
This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

FIRST SEN. To unbuild the city and to lay all flat.

SIC. What is the city but the people ?

CITIZENS. True, 200
The people are the city.

BRU. By the consent of all, we were establish'd
The people's magistrates.

CITIZENS. You so remain.

MEN. And so are like to do.

COM. That is the way to lay the city flat ;
To bring the roof to the foundation,
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.

SIC. This deserves death.

BRU. Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it. We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o' the people, in whose power 210
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present death.

SIC. Therefore lay hold of him ;
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.

BRU. Ædiles, seize him !

CITIZENS. Yield, Marcius, yield !

191 *To the people* = of the people.

199 *ὡς οὐδέν ἐστιν οὔτε πύργος οὔτε ναῦς*
ἐρημος ἀνδρῶν μὴ ξυνοικούντων ἔσω.

203 *And so are like to do.* To appease them—ignoring what
Coriolanus had said.

206 *All which yet distinctly ranges.* The fabric which stands as
yet, from end to end, in all its due proportions—every part perfect.

MEN. Hear me one word ;
Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.

ÆD. Peace, peace !

MEN. [To BRUTUS] Be that you seem, truly your
country's friend,
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.

BRU. Sir, those cold ways, 220
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous
Where the disease is violent. Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the rock.

COR. No, I'll die here. [*Drawing his sword.*]
There's some among you have beheld me fighting :
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.

MEN. Down with that sword ! Tribunes, withdraw
awhile.

BRU. Lay hands upon him.

COM. Help Marcius, help,
You that be noble ; help him, young and old !

CITIZENS. Down with him, down with him !

[*In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the Ædiles, and the
People, are beat in.*]

MEN. Go, get you to your house ; be gone, away ! 230
All will be naught else.

SEC. SEN. Get you gone.

COR. Stand fast ;
We have as many friends as enemies.

MEN. Shall it be put to that ?

FIRST SEN. The gods forbid !
I prithee, noble friend, home to thy house ;
Leave us to cure this cause.

MEN. For 't is a sore upon us,
You cannot tent* yourself : be gone, beseech you.

COM. Come, sir, along with us.

COR. I would they were barbarians—as they are,
Though in Rome litter'd—not Romans—as they are not,
Though calved i' the porch o' the Capitol—

231 *All will be naught*, will come to nothing : we shall be
undone.

233 *To that.* To a trial of strength.

236 *Which* you cannot tent.

MEN. Be gone ; 240
Put not your worthy rage into your tongue ;
One time will owe another.

COR. On fair ground
I could beat forty of them.

COM. I could myself.
Take up a brace o' the best of them ; yea, the two tribunes :
But now 't is odds beyond arithmetic ;
And manhood is call'd foolery, when it stands
Against a falling fabric. Will you hence,
Before the tag return ? whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters and o'erbear
What they are used to bear.

MEN. Pray you, be gone : 250
I'll try whether my old wit be in request
With those that have but little : this must be patch'd
With cloth of any colour.

COM. Nay, come away.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, and others.]

A PATRICIAN. This man has marr'd his fortune.

MEN. His nature is too noble for the world :
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for 's power to thunder. His heart 's his mouth :
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent ;
And, being angry, does forget that ever 259
He heard the name of death. [*A noise within.*]
Here 's goodly work !

242 *One time will owe another.* Our time will come. "Non si male nunc, et olim Sic erit." To-day's reverse will give us a claim to another day of better fortune.

246 To resist their fury now would be as foolhardy as to stand still in the way of a falling house.

248 *The tag.* Jul. Cæs. i. 2, 259 : "The tag-rag people." Cp. above, i. 1, 228 : "You fragments."

ib. *Rend.* Intransitive, to be violent.

251 *Whether,* pronounced almost as one syllable ; sometimes written *wh'er.* So *whither,* iv. 1, 34.

252 The quarrel must be patched, no matter how : with concession, if need be, or with flattery.

258 *What his breast forges, etc.* Cp. "Who have whet their tongue like a sword, and shoot out their arrows, even bitter words."—Ps. lxiv. 3.

259 *Does forget.* Understand *he.* Cp. ii. 2, 16, note.

SEC. PAT. I would they were a-bed !

MEN. I would they were in Tiber ! What the vengeance !

Could he not speak 'em fair ?

Re-enter BRUTUS and SICINIUS, with the rabble.

SIC. Where is this viper
That would depopulate the city and
Be every man himself ?

MEN. You worthy tribunes,—

SIC. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands : he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further trial
Than the severity of the public power
Which he so sets at nought.

FIRST CIT. He shall well know 270
The noble tribunes are the people's mouths,
And we their hands.

CITIZENS. He shall, sure on 't.

MEN. Sir, sir,—

SIC. Peace !

MEN. Do not cry havoc, where you should but hunt
With modest warrant.

SIC. Sir, how comes 't that you
Have help to make this rescue ?

MEN. Hear me speak :
As I do know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults,—

SIC. Consul ! what consul ?

MEN. The consul Coriolanus.

BRU. He consul ! 280

CITIZENS. No, no, no, no, no.

MEN. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good people,
I may be heard, I would crave a word or two ;

268 Punishment is the only trial he shall have.

272 *Their hands.* The tribunes' hands.

ib. *Sure on 't.* No doubt about it. For *be sure*.

274 *Do not cry havoc, etc.* You are empowered to pursue and arrest him, not yourselves to punish him with death. *To cry havoc*, in battle, was to give the word to kill and give no quarter. Perhaps also a hunting phrase. (From A.S. 'hafoc,' destruction : whence 'hawk.') Cp. Jul. Cæs. iii. I, 273 : "Cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war."

The which shall turn you to no further harm
Than so much loss of time.

SIC. Speak briefly then ;
For we are peremptory to dispatch
This viperous traitor : to eject him hence
Were but one danger, and to keep him here
Our certain death : therefore it is decreed
He dies to-night.

MEN. Now the good gods forbid 290
That our renowned Rome, whose gratitude
Towards her deserved children is enroll'd
In Jove's own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own !

SIC. He's a disease that must be cut away.

MEN. O, he's a limb that has but a disease ;
Mortal, to cut it off ; to cure it, easy.
What has he done to Rome that 's worthy death ?
Killing our enemies, the blood he hath lost—
Which, I dare vouch,* is more than that he hath, 300
By many an ounce—he dropp'd it for his country ;
And what is left, to lose it by his country,
Were to us all, that do't, and suffer it,
A brand to the end o' the world.

SIC. This is clean kam.*

BRU. Merely* awry : when he did love his country,
It honour'd him.

MEN. The service of the foot
Being once gangrened, is not then respected
For what before it was.

284 *Turn you to harm.* So 3 Henry VI. v. 5, 16 : "And all the trouble thou hast turned me to."

288 *One danger.* Either 'one continual danger,' or 'danger pure and simple'—as Macb. ii. 2, 63 : "Making the green *one red.*"

292 *Her deserved children.* Her children that *have* deserved well : a participle, *past* and *active*. See iv. 3, 9, *note*. Not to be compared with *delighted*, for 'delightful,' 'dowered with delight,' (Oth. i. 3, 290 : "If virtue no *delighted* beauty lack"), and *dishonour'd* for *dishonourable*, above 1, 60 : both of them *adjectives*, and formed from the the *substantive*. (*Fair-spoken* seems to be for *fair-speeched*, being properly no more a *participle* than *fair-skinned*.)

304 *Clean kam.* Mere perversion and distortion of the truth.

306 Menenius takes up the tribune's speech, and bitterly

BRU. We'll hear no more.
Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence ;
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further. 310

MEN. One word more, one word.
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unscann'd* swiftness, will too late
Tie leaden pounds to's heels. Proceed by process ;
Lest parties, as he is beloved, break out,
And sack great Rome with Romans.

BRU. If it were so,—

SIC. What do ye talk ?
Have we not had a taste of his obedience ?
Our ædiles smote ? ourselves resisted ? Come.

MEN. Consider this : he has been bred i' the wars 320
Since he could draw a sword, and is ill school'd
In bolted* language ; meal and bran together
He throws without distinction. Give me leave,
I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
Where he shall answer, by a lawful form,
In peace, to his utmost peril.

FIRST SEN. Noble tribunes,
It is the humane way : the other course
Will prove too bloody, and the end of it
Unknown to the beginning.

SIC. Noble Menenius,
Be you then as the people's officer. 330
Masters, lay down your weapons.

BRU. Go not home.

SIC. Meet on the market-place. We'll attend you
there :

continues : " We honoured him then : why should we honour him now ? Who remembers the sometime service of a gangrened foot ? "

314 *To's = To his. His or its. See Glossary, his.*

316 Brutus was going on to say—" That he would obey ' ;
' if we *could* proceed against him so. "

326 *Answer to his utmost peril.* Answer for his life.

328 *The end of it unknown to the beginning.* The passions which you can let loose you cannot control : you can begin, but not end. Cp. *Tempest* ii. I, 157 : " The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning. "

330 It shall devolve on you to bring him to his trial.

Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed
In our first way.

MEN. I'll bring him to you.
[To the Senators] Let me desire your company : he must
come,
Or what is worst will follow.

FIRST SEN. Pray you, let's to him. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A room in CORIOLANUS'S house.*

Enter CORIOLANUS with Patricians.

COR. Let them pull all about mine ears, present me
Death on the wheel or at wild horses' heels,
Or pile ten hills on the Tarpeian rock,
That the precipitation might down stretch
Below the beam of sight, yet will I still
Be thus to them.

A PATRICIAN. You do the nobler.

COR. I muse* my mother
Does not approve me further, who was wont
To call them woollen vassals, things created
To buy and sell with groats, to show bare heads 10
In congregations, to yawn, be still and wonder,
When one but of my ordinance stood up
To speak of peace or war.

Enter VOLUMNIA.

I talk of you :
Why did you wish me milder? would you have me
False to my nature? Rather say I play
The man I am.

VOL. O, sir, sir, sir,
I would have had you put your power well on,

4 *Precipitation* = precipice.

6 *Nobler*—to be pronounced *noble-er*. See i. I, 159, note.

9 *Woollen* : *togati*, unfit for war. Or, better, with contempt of poor and coarse clothing, as in Chaucer, "borel folk," and in *Mids. N. D.* iii. I, 79, "hempen homespuns."

10 *To show bare heads, etc.* To stand bare-headed, silent, and admiring, when their betters rise to speak in the assembly.

12 *My ordinance.* My order, my rank. *When . . . but,* if only such an one should rise.

17 *Put your power well on.* Make yourself consul.

Before you had worn it out.

COR. Let go.

VOL. You might have been enough the man you are,
With striving less to be so : lesser had been 20
The thwartings of your dispositions, if
You had not show'd them how ye were disposed
Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

COR. Let them hang.

A PATRICIAN. Ay, and burn too.

Enter MENENIUS and Senators.

MEN. Come, come, you have been too rough, something
too rough ;

You must return and mend it.

FIRST SEN. There's no remedy ;

Unless, by not so doing, our good city
Cleave in the midst, and perish.

VOL. Pray, be counsell'd :

I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain that leads my use of anger 30
To better vantage.

MEN. Well said, noble woman !

Before he should thus stoop to the herd, but that*
The violent fit* o' the time craves it as physic
For the whole state, I would put mine armour on,
Which I can scarcely bear.

COR. What must I do ?

MEN. Return to the tribunes.

COR. Well, what then ? what then ?

MEN. Repent what you have spoke.

COR. For them ! I cannot do it to the gods ;

20 *Lesser had been, etc.* Your disposition would have been less thwarted had you kept it to yourself till you could indulge it in despite of opposition.

21 *Thwartings* Theobald conj. *things* Ff.

26 *There's no remedy, etc.* You must do this, or else—there is one alternative—the state must perish.

29 This line has been altered by most editors, and is marked as corrupt in the Globe Ed. But *apt* means *willing, teachable*, (as we say, “an apt scholar.”) Dr. Delius compares Henry V. v. 2, 412 : “Is she not apt?” Hamlet. i. 5, 32 : “I find thee apt.” So Twelfth Night, v. 1, 135 : “most jocund, apt, and willingly.”

32 *Herd* Theobald conj. *heart* Ff.

Must I then do 't to them?

VOL. You are too absolute :
 Though therein you can never be too noble, 40
 But when extremities speak. I have heard you say,
 Honour and policy,* like unsever'd friends,
 I' the war do grow together : grant that, and tell me,
 In peace what each of them by the other lose,
 That they combine not there.

COR. Tush, tush!

MEN. A good demand.

VOL. If it be honour in your wars to seem
 The same you are not, which, for your best ends,
 You adopt your policy, how is it less or worse,
 That it shall hold companionship in peace
 With honour, as in war, since that* to both 50
 It stands in like request?

COR. Why force you this?

VOL. Because that* now it lies you on to speak
 To the people ; not by your own instruction,
 Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you,

39 *Absolute*. Positive, making no exceptions, allowing for nothing.

41 *Speak*—and demand to be heard.

44 *Lose*. What they lose by each other.

47 *The same you are not*. The strongest possible instance of the merely demonstrative use of *the same*, like 'derselbe.'

48 *Your policy*. As your policy. *It*, the policy of seeming other than you are.

50 *To both*. Such policy is as necessary, belongs as much, to peace as to war.

51 *Force* : as *enforce*, ii. 3, 227.

52 *It lies you on* : 'es liegt dir auf.' Cp. Rich. III. iv. 2, 59 : "It stands me much upon To stop all hopes:" and Rich. II. ii. 3, 138 : "It stands your grace upon to do him right." See Abbott, Sh. G. 204.

53 *Not by your own instruction*. Not saying what you yourself instruct yourself to say. *Instruction*, pronounced as four syllables.

54 *Prompts you* : Folio 1. The 2nd Folio has *prompts you to*, making *heart* much less emphatic. Steevens is wrong in saying that the verse wants the additional syllable. With it, *matter* is virtually one syllable ; without it, two. For the apparently trochaic ending, we have in reality, by laying a strong emphasis on *heart*, two unaccented syllables. Cp. 2 Henry IV. i. 1, 87 : "Yet *spea*k, Morton."

But with such words that are but roted* in
 Your tongue, though but bastards and syllables
 Of no allowance* to your bosom's truth.
 Now, this no more dishonours you at all
 Than to take in a town with gentle words,
 Which else would put you to your fortune and
 The hazard of much blood. 60

I would dissemble with my nature where
 My fortunes and my friends at stake required
 I should do so in honour : I am in this
 Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles ;
 And you will rather show our general louts
 How you can frown than spend a fawn upon 'em,
 For the inheritance* of their loves and safeguard
 Of what that want might ruin.

MEN. Noble lady !

Come, go with us ; speak fair : you may salve so,
 Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
 Of what is past. 70

VOL. I prithee now, my son,
 Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand ;
 And thus far having stretch'd it—here be with them—

55 *Roted in your tongue: roated* Ff. : *rooted* Johnson conj. For *roated*, see Glossary. For the use of *in*, cp. Ps. cxxxix. 3 : "Lo, there is not a word *in my tongue*, but thou, O Lord, knowest it altogether."

56 *Though but bastards, etc.* To speak these words, although 'your bosom's truth' repudiates them as false pretenders, unworthy recognition.

59 *To take in.* See i. 2, 24, note.

60 *Put you to your fortune.* To gain which you would otherwise have to commit yourselves to fortune—to the chances of a battle.

62 *Where my fortunes, etc.* If, to save my fortunes and my friends, I were in honour bound to do so.

64 *I am in this your wife, etc.* I speak for them.

66 *And=and yet.* *Our general louts*, the loutish mob.

69 *That want.* The want of "a fawn" bestowed upon them.

71 *What is dangerous present.* Present-dangerous, the present danger. 'Fair words will prove a remedy that will—not, avert the present danger : much more than that—they will recover all that your rash words have lost.' *Not*, for *not only* : but more emphatic. So next scene, 97.

73 *This bonnet . . . thus far.* She takes up his cap, and performs the needful salutation.

74 *Here be with them.* Satisfy them in this.

Thy knee bussing the stones—for in such business
 Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant,
 More learned than the ears—waving thy head,
 Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
 Now humble as the ripest mulberry
 That will not hold the handling—say to them,
 Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils
 Hast not the soft way which, thou dost confess,
 Were fit for thee to use as they to claim,
 In asking their good loves, but thou wilt frame
 Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
 As thou hast power and person.

80

MEN. This but done,
 Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were yours ;
 For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free
 As words to little purpose.

VOL. Prithee now,
 Go, and be ruled : although I know thou hadst rather
 Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf
 Than flatter him in a bower.* Here is Cominius.

76 *Action is eloquence.* As Demosthenes is said to have held it an orator's first need, his second, and his third.

78 *Which often . . . humble.* *Often* is the emphatic word : 'waving thy head—and remember to do it often enough.' *Humble* is a verb, imperative mood. *Thus*—as before, shewing him how it must be done. Cp. Hamlet ii. 1, 93 : "And thrice his head thus waving up and down."

80 *That will not hold the handling.* Hold to the tree whilst you handle it : will not give you time to pick it, but drop at a touch.

ib. *Handling—say to them* Hanmer conj. *handling* : or say to them Ff. Or deranges the construction of the sentence, and seems to spoil the meaning. Without it, the connection (omitting parentheses) is, 'Go . . . with this bonnet . . . and, thus far having stretched it, . . . thy knee bussing the stones, . . . waving thy head, . . . say to them.'

83 *As they to claim.* A confused expression, between 'as for them to claim,' and 'as that they should claim it.' Cp. As You Like It, i. 2, 279 : "More suits you to conceive than I to speak of."

85 *So far as thou hast . . . person.* You may not be able quite to look the part : are scarcely personable enough, perhaps.

88 *Pardons as free.* Their pardons are as free as (and free because) all their words are purposeless.

91 *In* = into.

Enter COMINIUS.

COM. I have been i' the market-place ; and, sir, 't is fit
You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness or by absence : all's in anger.

MEN. Only fair speech.

COM. I think 't will serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.

VOL. He must, and will.
Prithee now, say you will, and go about it.

COR. Must I go show them my unbarbed* sconce ?
Must I with base tongue give my noble heart 100
A lie that it must bear ? Well, I will do 't :
Yet, were there but this single plot to lose,
This mould of Marcius, they to dust should grind it
And throw 't against the wind. To the market-place !
You have put me now to such a part which never
I shall discharge to the life.

COM. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

VOL. I prithee now, sweet son, as thou hast said
My praises made thee first a soldier, so,
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.

COR. Well, I must do 't : 110
Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit ! my throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep ! the smiles of knaves

94 *You make strong party, etc.* Go either well attended, or prepared to be calm, or else stay away.

99 *My unbarbed sconce.* My head uncovered. "Bardé, barbed or trapped as a great horse."—Cotgrave, French-Eng. Dict. 1650.

100 *Must I with base tongue, etc.* Must my tongue belie my heart, and must my heart be patient ?

102 *This single plot.* This piece of earth, this "lump of clay," myself.

112 Cp. Tennyson—

"Modulate me, soul of mincing mimicry :
Make liquid treble of that bassoon, my throat."

113 *Quired with.* Was in tune with.—*A pipe*, a piping sound, a squeak.

114 *As an eunuch.* As the piping of an eunuch. Cp. i. 6, 27.

Tent in my cheeks, and schoolboys' tears take up
 The glasses of my sight ! a beggar's tongue
 Make motion through my lips, and my arm'd knees,
 Who bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
 That hath received an alms !—I will not do't, 120
 Lest I surcease* to honour mine own truth
 And by my body's action teach my mind
 A most inherent baseness.

VOL. At thy choice, then :
 To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour
 Than thou of them. Come all to ruin ; let
 Thy mother rather feel thy pride than fear
 Thy dangerous stoutness, for I mock at death
 With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.*
 Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me,
 But owe* thy pride thyself.

COR. Pray, be content : 130
 Mother, I am going to the market-place ;
 Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
 Cog* their hearts from them, and come home beloved
 Of all the trades in Rome. Look, I am going :
 Commend me to my wife. I'll return consul ;
 Or never trust to what my tongue can do
 I' the way of flattery further.

VOL. Do your will. [Exit.

116 *Tent in my cheeks.* Possess them: bivouac there—as an invading army.

ib. *Take up the glasses.* Obstruct (the tears intruders also, like the smiles) the windows of my sight.

118 *Make motion through my lips.* Use my lips to vent its suppleness.

119 The antecedent of *who* is the personal pronoun implied in *my*.

123 *A most inherent baseness.* A baseness most apt to stick.

124 *It is my more dishonour than thou of them.* Dishonours me more than to beg of them would dishonour thee. He should have said *than thine*.

126 *Rather feel thy pride, etc.* Rather submit to your pride, which rejects her prayer, than fear (or seem to fear, by pleading with you any more) what dangers your courage may provoke.

130 *Owe thy pride thyself.* Impute to me no part-ownership of that.

132 *Mountebank their loves.* Play the conjurer with their love.

COM. Away ! the tribunes do attend you : arm yourself
To answer mildly ; for they are prepared
With accusations, as I hear, more strong 140
Than are upon you yet.

COR. The word is 'mildly.' Pray you, let us go :
Let them accuse me by invention, I
Will answer in mine honour.

MEN. Ay, but mildly.

COR. Well, mildly be it then. Mildly ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. The Forum.*

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

BRU. In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannical power : if he evade us there,
Enforce him with his envy* to the people,
And that the spoil got on the Antiates
Was ne'er distributed.

-Enter an Ædile.

What, will he come ?

ÆD. He's coming.

BRU. How accompanied ?

ÆD. With old Menenius, and those senators
That always favour'd him.

SIC. Have you a catalogue
Of all the voices that we have procured
Set down by the poll ?

ÆD. I have ; 'tis ready. 10

SIC. Have you collected them by tribes ?

ÆD. I have.

SIC. Assemble presently the people hither ;
And when they hear me say ' It shall be so,
I' the right and strength o' the commons,' be it either
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
If I say fine, cry ' Fine ;' if death, cry ' Death.'

*1 *Charge him home.* See ii. 2, 107, note.

4 *On the Antiates.* Cp. "I will get me honour upon
Pharaoh and all his host."

10 *By the poll.* By the head, *viritim.*

14 *I' the right, etc.* In the right and strength of the commons we demand it.

Insisting on the old prerogative
And power i' the truth o' the cause.

ÆD. I shall inform them.

BRU. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confused 20
Enforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.

ÆD. Very well.

SIC. Make them be strong and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to give 't them.

BRU. Go about it. [*Exit Ædile.*
Put him to choler straight : he hath been used
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth
Of contradiction : being once chafed, he cannot
Be rein'd again to temperance ; then he speaks
What 's in his heart ; and that is there which looks
With us to break his neck.

SIC. Well, here he comes. 30

*Enter CORIOLANUS, MENENIUS, and COMINIUS, with
Senators and Patricians.*

MEN. Calmly, I do beseech you.

COR. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knave by the volume. The honour'd gods
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men ! plant love among 's !
Throng our large temples with the shows of peace,
And not our streets with war !

FIRST SEN. Amen, amen.

MEN. A noble wish.

Re-enter Ædile, with Citizens.

SIC. Draw near, ye people.

17 'Insisting on their prerogative and on the justice of their cause.' *The old prerogative*, cp. ii. 3, 176, note.

19 *Such time.* Having got their cue from us.

26 *To have his worth of contradiction.* Not to have the worst of the quarrel ; to give as good as he gets.

29 *That is there which looks, etc.* There is that in his heart—the ungovernable disposition of the man—which means, (goes about, makes as if,) to combine with us for his destruction. *To break his neck.* Hurl him from the Tarpeian rock.

33 *Will bear the knave by the volume.* Let you call him knave by the volume : bear volumes of abuse.

ÆD. List to your tribunes. Audience! peace, I say! 40

COR. First, hear me speak.

BOTH TRI. Well, say. Peace, ho!

COR. Shall I be charged no further than this present?
Must all determine* here?

SIC. I do demand,
If you submit you to the people's voices,
Allow* their officers and are content
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be proved upon you?

COR. I am content.

MEN. Lo, citizens, he says he is content:
The warlike service he has done, consider; think
Upon the wounds his body bears, which show* 50
Like graves i' the holy churchyard.

COR. Scratches with briers,
Scars to move laughter only.

MEN. Consider further,
That when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier: do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds,
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,
Rather than envy* you.

COM. Well, well, no more.

COR. What is the matter
That being pass'd for consul with full voice,
I am so dishonour'd that the very hour 60
You take it off again?

SIC. Answer to us.

COR. Say, then: 't is true, I ought so.

SIC. We charge you, that you have contrived to take
From Rome all season'd office and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical;
For which you are a traitor to the people.

42 *No farther than this present.* What I see here—is this my final trial?

51 *Graves i' the holy churchyard.* Cp. ii. 3, 64, "our divines."

55 *Accents.* Theobald's correction again: *actions* Ff.

57 *Envy you.* Express dislike of you.

61 *Take it off again.* The consular dignity, with which you had invested me.

ib. *Answer to us.* You to us, not we to you.

64 *Seasoned*—like wood, by time. *Wind*, insinuate.

COR. How! traitor!

MEN. Nay, temperately; your promise.

COR. The fires i' the lowest hell fold-in the people!
Call me their traitor! Thou injurious tribune!
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths, 70
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say
'Thou liest' unto thee with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.

SIC. Mark you this, people?

CITIZENS. To the rock, to the rock with him!

SIC. Peace!

We need not put new matter to his charge:
What you have seen him do and heard him speak,
Beating your officers, cursing yourselves,
Opposing laws with strokes and here defying 80
Those whose great power must try him; even this,
So criminal and in such capital kind,
Deserves the extremest death.

BRU. But since he hath

Served well for Rome,—

COR. What do you prate of service?

BRU. I talk of that, that know it.

COR. You?

MEN. Is this the promise that you made your mother?

COM. Know, I pray you,—

COR. I'll know no further:

Let them pronounce the steep Tarpeian death,
Vagabond exile, flaying, pent to linger
But with a grain a day, I would not buy 90
Their mercy at the price of one fair word;
Nor check my courage for what they can give,

68 *Fold-in.* Enfold, enwrap.

70 *Sat.* Conditional, 'did there sit.'

71 *Clutched.* Participle. 'Thy hands clutching as many millions more:' as thunderbolts.

84 *I talk of that.* The demonstrative pronoun should have been followed by a relative agreeing with it. He seems about to launch out: then, checking himself, adds simply, 'who know it: ' *i.e.* who know what serving Rome well means.

89 *Pent to linger.* Let them sentence me to die slow in a dungeon.

92 *To check my courage.* As above, l. 28, "he cannot be reined again to temperance."

To have 't with saying ' Good morrow.'

SIC.

For that he has,

As much as in him lies, from time to time
 Envied against the people, seeking means
 To pluck away their power, as now at last
 Given hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
 Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
 That do distribute it ; in the name o' the people
 And in the power of us the tribunes, we, 100
 Even from this instant, banish him our city,
 In peril of precipitation
 From off the rock Tarpeian never more
 To enter our Rome gates : i' the people's name,
 I say it shall be so.

CITIZENS. It shall be so, it shall be so ; let him away :
 He's banish'd, and it shall be so.

COM. Hear me, my masters, and my common friends,—

SIC. He's sentenced ; no more hearing.

COM.

Let me speak :

I have been consul, and can show for Rome 110
 Her enemies' marks upon me. I do love
 My country's good with a respect more tender,
 More holy and profound, than mine own life,
 My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,
 And treasure of my loins ; then if I would
 Speak that—

SIC. We know your drift : speak what ?

BRU. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd,
 As enemy to the people and his country :
 It shall be so.

CITIZENS. It shall be so, it shall be so.

COR. You common cry of curs ! whose breath I hate
 As reek* o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize 121

93 *To have 't.* On condition of having it, if I might have it.

97 *Given.* Understand *he has*.

ib. *Not in the presence, etc.* Say not in the presence of justice—that were to state the crime too weakly—but on the ministers themselves of justice. See sc. 6, l. 71, *note*.

108 *My common friends.* Friends, all of you.

110 *For* Theobald: *from* Ff. Dr. Delius suggests *'fore Rome*.

114 *Estimate.* Worth ; the rate at which I value her.

120 *You common cry.* Consonant pack.

As the dead carcasses of unburied men
 That do corrupt my air, I banish you ;
 And here remain with your uncertainty !
 Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts !
 Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
 Fan you into despair ! Have the power still
 To banish your defenders ; till at length
 Your ignorance, which finds not till it feels,
 Making but reservation of yourselves, 130
 Still your own foes, deliver you as most
 Abated captives to some nation
 That won you without blows ! Despising,
 For you, the city, thus I turn my back :
 There is a world elsewhere.

[*Exeunt* CORIOLANUS, COMINIUS, MENENIUS, Senators,
 and Patricians.

ÆD. The people's enemy is gone, is gone !

CITIZENS. Our enemy is banish'd ! he is gone ! Hoo !
 hoo ! [*Shouting, and throwing up their caps.*]

SIC. Go, see him out at gates, and follow him,
 As he hath follow'd you, with all despite ;
 Give him deserved vexation. Let a guard 140
 Attend us through the city.

CITIZENS. Come, come ; let's see him out at gates ;
 come.

The gods preserve our noble tribunes ! Come. [*Exeunt.*]

123 *I banish you.* Cp. Rich. II. i. 3, 279—
 "Think not the king did banish thee,
 But thou the king."

129 *Which finds not till it feels.* Your folly, which only
 suffering instructs : which only learns wisdom when it is too
 late.

130 *Making but reservation of yourselves.* Banishing your
 defenders, the nobles, one by one, till you yourselves remain
 alone. Capell, whom most editors have followed, altered *but*
 into *not*. The meaning is then 'not sparing even yourselves.'
 But Coriolanus says that the mischief is just this : that they spare
 none but themselves, their own worst enemies.

132 *Abated.* Humbled, dispirited. From *abattre*, to cast
 down.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Rome. Before a gate of the city.**Enter* CORIOLANUS, VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, MENENIUS, COMINIUS, *with the young Nobility of Rome.*COR. Come, leave your tears : a brief farewell : the
beast

With many heads butts me away. Nay, mother,
Where is your ancient courage? you were used
To say extremity was the trier of spirits ;
That common chances common men could bear ;
That when the sea was calm all boats alike
Show'd mastership in floating ; fortune's blows,
When most struck home—being gentle, wounded, craves
A noble cunning* : you were used to load me
With precepts that would make invincible 10
The heart that conn'd them.

VIR. O heavens! O heavens!

COR. Nay, I prithee, woman,—

VOL. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome,
And occupations perish !

COR. What, what, what !

I shall be loved when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
If you had been the wife of Hercules,
Six of his labours you 'ld have done, and saved
Your husband so much sweat. Cominius,
Droop not ; adieu. Farewell, my wife, my mother : 20
I'll do well yet. Thou old and true Menenius,

1 *The beast with many heads.* Cp. ii. 3, 18, note.7 *Fortune's blows, etc.* But that, when Fortune's blows are most struck home, *then*—in one *so* wounded—to be gentle craves a cunning (a skill, a mastery) impossible save to noble natures. The construction of the sentence is irregular : ' Fortune's cruellest blows—to bear them gently craves,' &c.8 *Home.* See ii. 2, 107, note.13 *The red pestilence.* So *Tempest* i. 2, 364: "The red plague rid you : " and *Tro. and Cress.* ii. 1, 20 : "A red murrain o' thy jade's tricks."16 *That spirit, when*—the spirit of the time when.

Thy tears are salter than a younger man's,
 And venomous to thine eyes. My sometime general,
 I have seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
 Heart-hardening spectacles ; tell these sad women
 'T is fond* to wail inevitable strokes,
 As 't is to laugh at 'em. My mother, you wot well
 My hazards still have been your solace : and
 Believe't not lightly—though I go alone,
 Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
 Makes fear'd and talk'd of more than seen—your son
 Will or exceed the common or be caught
 With cautelous* baits and practice.*

30

VOL. My first son,
 Whither wilt thou go? Take good Cominius
 With thee awhile : determine on some course,
 More than a wild exposure to each chance
 That starts i' the way before thee.

COR.

O the gods !

COM. I 'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
 Where thou shalt rest, that thou mayest hear of us
 And we of thee : so if the time thrust forth
 A cause for thy repeal,* we shall not send
 O'er the vast world to seek a single man,
 And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
 I' the absence of the needer.

40

COR.

Fare ye well :

Thou hast years upon thee ; and thou art too full
 Of the wars' surfeits, to go rove with one
 That's yet unbruised : bring me but out at gate.

22 *Thy tears are salter, etc.* He is touched by the sight of Menenius' sorrow—keener than the sorrow of a younger man.

30 *His fen, etc.* Men fear him and talk of him, but cannot come where he is.

32 *Or be caught, etc.* He may be caught in a trap ; strength against strength, he is invincible.

33 *First.* First-born.

36 *More.* Something more definite.

40 *Thrust forth*—as a plant new shoots.

43 *Lose advantage.* Lose the opportunity, not knowing where to find you, who need and alone can use it.—*Doth ever cool.* The iron cools, unstruck.

46 *Of the war's surfeits.* What warriors surfeit on—fatigues of war.

Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
 My friends of noble touch, when I am forth,
 Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
 While I remain above the ground, you shall
 Hear from me still, and never of me aught
 But what is like me formerly.

50

MEN. That's worthily
 As any ear can hear. Come, let's not weep.
 If I could shake off but one seven years
 From these old arms and legs, by the good gods,
 I'd with thee every foot.

COR. Give me thy hand :
 Come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A street near the gate.*

Enter SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and an Ædile.

SIC. Bid them all home; he's gone, and we'll no
 further.

The nobility are vex'd, whom we see have sided
 In his behalf.

BRU. Now we have shown our power,
 Let us seem humbler after it is done
 Than when it was a-doing.*

SIC. Bid them home :
 Say their great enemy is gone, and they
 Stand in their ancient strength.

BRU. Dismiss them home. [*Exit Ædile.*]
 Here comes his mother.

SIC. Let's not meet her.

BRU. Why?

SIC. They say she's mad.

BRU. They have ta'en note of us: keep on your
 way.

10

49 *Of noble touch.* Tried and found noble. So Spenser
 F. Q. ii. 4, 40: "A knight of wondrous power and *great assay*:"
 and i. 2, 13, "Purified with gold and pearl of *rich assay*."

53 *Like me formerly.* Like my former self.

2 *Whom we see have sided*—(have sided, infinitive mood).
 Ungrammatical now, not when Shakspeare wrote. We say,
 arbitrarily, 'whom we see side,' but 'whom we see *to* have
 sided.'

Enter VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, and MENENIUS.

VOL. O ye're well met : the hoarded plague o' the gods
Requite your love !

MEN. Peace, peace ; be not so loud.

VOL. If that I could for weeping, you should hear,—
Nay, and you shall hear some. [*To* BRUTUS] Will you
be gone ?

VIR. [*To* SICINIUS] You shall stay too : I would I had
the power
To say so to my husband.

SIC. Are you mankind ?

VOL. Ay, fool ; is that a shame ? Note but this fool.
Was not a man my father ? Hadst thou foxship
To banish him that struck more blows for Rome
Than thou hast spoken words ?

SIC. O blessed heavens !

VOL. Moe* noble blows than ever thou wise words ;
And for Rome's good. I'll tell thee what ; yet go :
Nay, but thou shalt stay too : I would my son
Were in Arabia, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.

SIC. What then ?

VIR. What then !
He'd make an end of thy posterity.

VOL. Bastards and all.

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for Rome !

MEN. Come, come, peace.

11 *The hoarded plague of the gods.* Cp. Lear ii. 4, 164 :
"All the stored vengeance of heaven."

16 *Are you mankind?* 'Are you viragos?' So Winter's
Tale ii. 3, 67 : "A mankind witch!" Dr. Delius quotes from
Fletcher's *Woman Hater*, "Are women grown so mankind? must
they be wooing?" (where mankind = bold.) Mr. Singer quotes
from Hall (Epigram against Marston, 1597)—"I asked physicians
what their counsel was For a mad dog or for a mankind ass."

17 *Is that a shame?—to be human?* Mistaking, or affecting
to mistake, his meaning.

18 *Hadst thou foxship, etc.* Fool that you are—how were you
fox enough to banish from Rome Rome's greatest soldier?

22 *Yet go.* She will leave it unsaid : then—once more
changing her mind—"Nay, but you shall stay." *Too*—'after
all,' = 'and yet I see reasons too why you should stay.'

24 *Thy tribe*—contemptuously : not in the Roman sense.

SIC. I would he had continued to his country 30
As he began, and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.

BRU. I would he had.

VOL. 'I would he had'! 'Twas you incensed the
rabble :
Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know.

BRU. Pray, let us go.

VOL. Now, pray, sir, get you gone :
You have done a brave deed. Ere you go, hear this :—
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in Rome, so far my son— 40
This lady's husband here, this, do you see—
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

BRU. Well, well, we'll leave you.

SIC. Why stay we to be baited*
With one that wants her wits ?

VOL. Take my prayers with you,
[*Exeunt* Tribunes.

I would the gods had nothing else to do
But to confirm my curses ! Could I meet 'em
But once a-day, it would unclog* my heart
Of what lies heavy to't.

MEN. You have told them home ;
And, by my troth, you have cause. You'll sup with
me ?

VOL. Anger's my meat ; I sup upon myself, 50
And so shall sterve* with feeding. Come, let's go :
Leave this faint puling and lament as I do,
In anger, Juno-like. Come, come, come.

MEN. Fie, fie, fie ! [*Exeunt*.

32 *The noble knot.* The knot of noble service that bound him to his countrymen.

43 *To be baited with one that wants her wits.* Baited, as it were, with a mad dog. The bull is baited by the huntsmen, with the dogs.

46 *Meet 'em.* Meet the tribunes, and curse them.

48 *Told them home.* Told them some home-truths. Cp. ii. 2, 107, note.

SCENE III.—*A highway between Rome and Antium.**Enter a Roman and a Volsce, meeting.*

ROM. I know you well, sir, and you know me : your name, I think, is Adrian.

VOLS. It is so, sir : truly, I have forgot you.

ROM. I am a Roman ; and my services are, as you are, against 'em : know you me yet ?

VOLS. Nicanor ? no.

ROM. The same, sir. 7

VOLS. You had more beard when I last saw you ; but your favour* is well appeared by your tongue. What's the news in Rome ? I have a note from the Volscian state, to find you out there : you have well saved me a day's journey.

ROM. There hath been in Rome strange insurrections ; the people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.

VOLS. Hath been ! is it ended, then ? Our state thinks not so : they are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division. 19

ROM. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again : for the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy Coriolanus, that they are in a ripe aptness to take all power from the people and to pluck from them their tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

VOLS. Coriolanus banished !

ROM. Banished, sir. 29

VOLS. You will be welcome with this intelligence, Nicanor.

ROM. The day serves well for them now. Your noble Tullus Aufidius will appear well in these wars, his great opposer, Coriolanus, being now in no request of his country. 38

9 *Your favour is well appeared by your tongue.* 'Now that you tell me who you are, I recognise your face.' *Appeared*=apparent : it *has* appeared and *is* now unmistakeable. Cp. above, iii. 1, 292 : "her *deserved* children :" and Othello ii. 3, 188 : "How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot ?" Lear i. 1, 275 : "Your professed bosoms." Most editors alter the word.

32 *For them.* For your state ; implicitly mentioned by the Volscian, when he said, "You will be welcome."

VOLS. He cannot choose. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you : you have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

ROM. I shall, between this and supper, tell you most strange things from Rome ; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you ?

VOLS. A most royal one ; the centurions and their charges, distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment,* and to be on foot at an hour's warning. 50

ROM. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

VOLS. You take my part from me, sir ; I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

ROM. Well, let us go together. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—*Antium. Before AUFIDIUS'S house.*

Enter CORIOLANUS in mean apparel, disguised and muffled.

COR. A goodly city is this Antium. City,
'Tis I that made thy widows : many an heir
Of these fair edifices 'fore my wars
Have I heard groan and drop : then know me not,
Lest that thy wives with spits and boys with stones
In puny battle slay me.

Enter a Citizen.

Save you, sir.

CIT. And you.

COR. Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies : is he in Antium ?

CIT. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state
At his house this night.

48 *Their charges.* Their companies. *Distinctly,* each company by itself.

49 *In the entertainment.* Receiving their pay, though they have not yet taken the field.

55 *You take my part from me.* To be glad that we met is for me, not for you.

3 *'Fore my wars.* Many an one who before my wars was heir.

8 *Lies.* Is quartered, lodged.

COR. Which is his house, beseech you? 10

CIT. This, here before you.

COR. Thank you, sir ; farewell.
[Exit Citizen.]

O world, thy slippery turns ! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose house, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,
Are still together, who twin, as 't were, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissension of a doit,* break out
To bitterest enmity : so, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance, 20
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends
And interjoin their issues. So with me :
My birth-place hate I, and my love's upon
This enemy town. I'll enter : if he slay me,
He does fair justice ; if he give me way,
I'll do his country service. [Exit.]

SCENE V.—*The same. A hall in AUFIDIUS'S house.*

Music within. Enter a Servingman.

FIRST SERV. Wine, wine, wine ! What service is
here !

I think our fellows are asleep. [Exit.]

Enter a second Servingman.

SEC. SERV. Where's Cotus ? my master calls for him.
Cotus ! [Exit.]

Enter CORIOLANUS.

COR. A goodly house : the feast smells well ; but I
Appear not like a guest.

12 *O world, thy slippery turns !* O the changes in this slippery world—too slippery for firm standing !

15 *Who twin.* Who pair like twins together.

17 *On a dissension of a doit.* Cp. ii. 1, 80. "The controversy of three pence."

21 *Some trick not worth an egg.* Some freak of fortune, some accident, worthless in itself.

22 *Interjoin their issues.* Intermarry their children.

23 *Hate* Capell conj. *have* Ff.

Re-enter the first Servingman.

FIRST SERV. What would you have, friend? whence are you? Here's no place for you: pray, go to the door. [*Exit.*

COR. I have deserved no better entertainment,
In being Coriolanus.

II

Re-enter second Servingman.

SEC. SERV. Whence are you, sir? Has the porter his eyes in his head, that he gives entrance to such companions? Pray, get you out.

COR. Away!

SEC. SERV. 'Away!' get you away.

COR. Now thou'rt troublesome.

SEC. SERV. Are you so brave? I'll have you talked with anon.*

Enter a third Servingman. The first meets him.

THIRD SERV. What fellow's this? 20

FIRST SERV. A strange one as ever I looked on: I cannot get him out o' the house: prithee, call my master to him. [*Retires.*

THIRD SERV. What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid* the house.

COR. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.

THIRD SERV. What are you?

COR. A gentleman.

THIRD SERV. A marvellous poor one. 30

COR. True, so I am.

THIRD SERV. Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station; here's no place for you; pray you, avoid: come.

COR. Follow your function, go, and batten on cold bits. [*Pushes him away.*

THIRD SERV. What, you will not? Prithee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here. [*Exit.*

SEC. SERV. And I shall.

THIRD SERV. Where dwellest thou? 40

COR. Under the canopy.

THIRD SERV. Under the canopy!

COR. Ay.

35 *Batten on cold bits.* Cp. *Cymb.* ii. 3, 119—
"One bred of alms and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the court."

THIRD SERV. Where's that?

COR. I' the city of kites and crows.

THIRD SERV. I' the city of kites and crows! What an ass it is! Then thou dwellest with daws too?

COR. No, I serve not thy master.

THIRD SERV. How, sir! do you meddle with my master? 51

COR. Thou pratest, and pratest; serve with thy trencher, hence! [*Beats him away. Exit third Servingman.*]

Enter AUFIDIUS with the second Servingman.

AUF. Where is this fellow?

SEC. SERV. Here, sir: I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within. [*Retires.*]

AUF. Whence comest thou? what wouldst thou? thy name?

Why speak'st not? speak, man: what's thy name?

COR. If, Tullus, [*Unmuffling.* 60
Not yet thou knowest me, and, seeing me, dost not
Think me for the man I am, necessity
Commands me name myself.

AUF. What is thy name?

COR. A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

AUF. Say, what's thy name?
Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn,
Thou show'st* a noble vessel: what's thy name?

COR. Prepare thy brow to frown: know'st thou me yet?

AUF. I know thee not: thy name? 70

COR. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
To thee particularly and to all the Volsces
Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may
My surname, Coriolanus; the painful service,
The extreme dangers and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country are requited
But with that surname; a good memory,*
And witness of the malice and displeasure

47 *Then thou dwellest with daws too?* Cp. I Henry VI. ii. 4,
18. "I am no wiser than a daw."

51 *Meddle with my master.* Insult him, pick a quarrel with him.

Which thou shouldst bear me : only that name remains ;
 The cruelty and envy of the people, 80
 Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
 Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest ;
 And suffer'd me by the voice of slaves to be
 Whoop'd out of Rome. Now this extremity
 Hath brought me to thy hearth ; not out of hope—
 Mistake me not—to save my life, for if
 I had fear'd death, of all the men i' the world
 I would have 'voided thee, but in mere spite,
 To be full quit* of those my banishers,
 Stand I before thee here. Then if thou hast 90
 A heart of wreak* in thee, that wilt revenge
 Thine own particular wrongs and stop those maims
 Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee straight,
 And make my misery serve thy turn : so use it
 That my revengeful services may prove
 As benefits to thee, for I will fight
 Against my canker'd country with the spleen
 Of all the under fiends. But if so be
 Thou darest not this and that* to prove more fortunes
 Thou 'rt tired, then, in a word, I also am 100
 Longer to live most weary, and present
 My throat to thee and to thy ancient malice ;
 Which not to cut would show thee but a fool,
 Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
 Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
 And cannot live but to thy shame, unless
 It be to do thee service.

AUF.

O Marcius, Marcius !

Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart
 A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter

91 *That wilt.* A confusion between 'that will' and 'and wilt.'

92 *Those maims of shame seen through thy country.* The gaping wounds made through thy country's honour. Cp. Rich. III. v. 5, 40 : "Now civil wounds are stopped, peace lives again."

97 *Cankered*—whether with tribunes or envy—unsound at heart : so, ill-conditioned. Cp. 1 Henry IV. i. 3, 137 : "This ingrate and *cankered* Bolingbroke," and again, I, 176, "This thorn, this *canker*, Bolingbroke."

98 *Under.* Infernal : fiends of the under-world.

99 *To prove more fortunes.* To try thy fortune any more.

Should from yond cloud speak divine things, 110
 And say 'Tis true,' I'd not believe them more
 Than thee, all noble Marcius. Let me twine
 Mine arms about that body, whereagainst
 My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
 And scarr'd the moon with splinters : here I clip*
 The anvil of my sword, and do contest
 As hotly and as nobly with thy love
 As ever in ambitious strength I did
 Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,
 I loved the maid I married ; never man 120
 Sigh'd truer breath ; but that I see thee here,
 Thou noble thing ! more dances my rapt heart
 Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
 Bestride my threshold. Why, thou Mars ! I tell thee,
 We have a power on foot ; and I had purpose
 Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
 Or lose mine arm for't : thou hast beat me out
 Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
 Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me ;
 We have been down together in my sleep, 130
 Unbuckling helms, fisting each other's throat,
 And waked half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius,
 Had we no quarrel else to Rome, but that
 Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
 From twelve to seventy, and pouring war
 Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome,
 Like a bold flood o'er-bear. O, come, go in,
 And take our friendly senators by the hands ;
 Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,

114 *Ash.* Ashen spear. *Grained.* Rough, showing the grain. So Com. of Err. v. 1, 311 : "This grained face."

115 *And scarred the moon with splinters.* Cp. Winter's Tale iii. 3, 93 : "Now the ship boring the moon with her mainmast." Some editors read *scared*.

116 *The anvil of my sword.* Coriolanus, on whom "he had formerly laid as heavy blows as a smith strikes on his anvil."—Steevens : who quotes from Hamlet (ii. 2, 511,) "And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall On Mars's armour, &c."

126 *Thy target from thy brawn.* Thy shield from thine arm.

127 *Beat me out.* 'Out of the game,' 'out of the field'—so 'thoroughly,' 'out and out.'

137 *O'erbear.* Overturn, carry all before us.

Who am prepared against your territories, 140
Though not for Rome itself.

COR. You bless me, gods!

AUF. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have
The leading of thine own revenges, take
The one half of my commission; and set down—
As best thou art experienced, since thou know'st
Thy country's strength and weakness,—thine own ways;
Whether to knock against the gates of Rome,
Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
To fright them, ere destroy. But come in:
Let me commend thee first to those that shall 150
Say yea to thy desires. A thousand welcomes!
And more a friend than e'er an enemy;
Yet, Marcius, that was much. Your hand: most welcome!

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS. The two Serv-
ingmen come forward.*]

FIRST SERV. Here's a strange alteration!

SEC. SERV. By my hand, I had thought to have
strucken him with a cudgel; and yet my mind gave me
his clothes made a false report of him.

FIRST SERV. What an arm he has! he turned me
about with his finger and his thumb, as one would set up
a top. 161

SEC. SERV. Nay, I knew by his face that there was
something in him: he had, sir, a kind of face, methought,
—I cannot tell how to term it.

FIRST SERV. He had so; looking as it were—would I
were hanged, but I thought there was more in him than
I could think.

SEC. SERV. So did I, I'll be sworn: he is simply the
rarest man i' the world.

FIRST SERV. I think he is: but a greater soldier than
he you wot on. 171

SEC. SERV. Who, my master?

FIRST SERV. Nay, it's no matter for that.

SEC. SERV. Worth six on him.

FIRST SERV. Nay, not so neither: but I take him to
be the greater soldier.

142 *Absolute.* Consummate.

157 *Gave me* = 'Misgave me.'

SEC. SERV. Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that : for the defence of a town, our general is excellent.

FIRST SERV. Ay, and for an assault too. 180

Re-enter third Servingman.

THIRD SERV. O slaves, I can tell you news,—news, you rascals !

FIRST AND SEC. SERV. What, what, what? Let's partake.

THIRD SERV. I would not be a Roman, of all nations ; I had as lieve* be a condemned man.

FIRST AND SEC. SERV. Wherefore? wherefore?

THIRD SERV. Why, here's he that was wont to thwack our general, Caius Marcius.

FIRST SERV. Why do you say 'thwack our general'? 191

THIRD SERV. I do not say 'thwack our general' ; but he was always good enough for him.

SEC. SERV. Come, we are fellows and friends : he was ever too hard for him ; I have heard him say so himself.

FIRST SERV. He was too hard for him, directly to say the troth on't : before Corioli he scotched him and notched him like a carbonado.*

SEC. SERV. An* he had been cannibally given, he might have broiled and eaten him too. 201

FIRST SERV. But, more of thy news?

THIRD SERV. Why, he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to Mars ; set at upper end o' the table ; no question asked him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him : our general himself makes a mistress of him ; sanctifies himself with's hand and turns up the white o' the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i' the middle and but one half of what he was yesterday ; for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and sowl* the porter of Rome gates by the ears : he will mow all down before him, and leave his passage polled.* 215

SEC. SERV. And he's as like to do't as any man I can imagine.

THIRD SERV. Do't ! he will do't ; for, look you, sir, he has as many friends as enemies ; which friends, sir, as

208 *Sanctifies himself with's hand.* Touches his hand devoutly, as a holy thing.

215 *Leave his passage polled.* Leave all bare behind him.

it were, durst not, look you, sir, show themselves, as we term it, his friends whilst he's in directitude. 222

FIRST SERV. Directitude! what's that?

THIRD SERV. But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like conies after rain, and revel all with him.

FIRST SERV. But when goes this forward?

THIRD SERV. To-morrow; to-day; presently; you shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 'tis, as it were, a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips. 232

SEC. SERV. Why, then we shall have a stirring world again. This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

FIRST SERV. Let me have war, say I; it exceeds peace as far as day does night; it's spritely, waking, audible, and full of vent.* Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy; mulled, deaf, sleepy, insensible. 245

SEC. SERV. Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

THIRD SERV. Reason; because they then less need one another. The wars for my money. I hope to see Romans as cheap as Volscians. They are rising, they are rising.

ALL. In, in, in, in!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—*Rome. A public place.*

Enter SICINIUS and BRUTUS.

SIC. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him;
His remedies are tame i' the present peace

222 *Whilst he's in directitude.* Holds straight on the way prescribed to him, like a beast submitting to be driven. The word is no doubt an intentionally clumsy coinage (whether from *direct* or from *direction*) on the pattern of *rectitude*.

225 *In blood.* See i. 1, 163, note.

238 *Waking:* Pope conj. Walking Ff.—*Full of vent.* Of excitement, letting off of steam, freedom of utterance.

239 *Mulled.* "Softened and dispirited, as wine is when burnt and sweetened."—HANMER.

247 *Reason*—and reason good: no wonder.

2 *His remedies are tame, etc.* Let him do his worst: he is harmless, so long as the people, lately so turbulent, are orderly and contented, and give his friends no pretext for recalling him.

And quietness of the people, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends
Blush that the world goes well, who rather had,
Though they themselves did suffer by 't, behold
Dissentious numbers pestering streets than see
Our tradesmen singing in their shops and going
About their functions friendly.

BRU. We stood to't in good time. [*Enter MENENIUS.*]
Is this Menenius? 10

SIC. 'T is he, 't is he : O, he is grown most kind
Of late.

BOTH TRI. Hail, sir !

MEN. Hail to you both !

SIC. Your Coriolanus is not much miss'd,
But with his friends : the commonwealth doth stand ;
And so would do, were he more angry at it.

MEN. All's well ; and might have been much better, if
He could have temporized.

SIC. Where is he, hear you ?

MEN. Nay, I hear nothing : his mother and his wife
Hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

CITIZENS. The gods preserve you both !

SIC. God-den, our neighbours. 20

BRU. God-den to you all, god-den to you all.

FIRST CIT. Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our
knees,
Are bound to pray for you both.

SIC. Live, and thrive !

BRU. Farewell, kind neighbours : we wish'd Coriolanus
Had loved you as we did.

CITIZENS. Now the gods keep you !

BOTH TRI. Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt Citizens.*]

SIC. This is a happier and more comely time
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying confusion.

BRU. Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i' the war ; but insolent, 30

4 *Here* = hereby.

5 *Blush that the world goes well.* Perceive with shame that
the world can go on, and go on well, without him.

ib. *Rather had . . . behold.* We say 'had rather.'

O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving,—

SIC. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.

MEN. I think not so.

SIC. We had by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth consul, found it so.

BRU. The gods have well prevented it, and Rome
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter an Ædile.

ÆD. Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports, the Volsces with two several powers
Are enter'd in the Roman territories,
And with the deepest malice of the war
Destroy what lies before 'em.

40

MEN. 'T is Aufidius,
Who, hearing of our Marcius' banishment,
Thrusts forth his horns again into the world ;
Which were inshell'd when Marcius stood for Rome,
And durst not once peep out.

SIC. Come, what talk you
Of Marcius ?

BRU. Go see this rumourer whipp'd. It cannot be
The Volsces dare break with us.

MEN. Cannot be !
We have record that very well it can,
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason with the fellow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this,
Lest you shall chance to whip your information
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

50

SIC. Tell not me :
I know this cannot be.

BRU. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

MESS. The nobles in great earnestness are going

33 *One sole throne, without assistance.* To reign alone and absolute.

35 *To all our lamentation.* To the sorrow of all of us.

All to the senate-house : some news is come
That turns their countenances.

SIC. 'T is this slave ;—
Go whip him 'fore the people's eyes :—his raising ; 60
Nothing but his report.

MESS. Yes, worthy sir,
The slave's report is seconded ; and more,
More fearful, is deliver'd.

SIC. What more fearful ?

MESS. It is spoke freely out of many mouths—
How probable I do not know—that Marcius,
Join'd with Aufidius, leads a power 'gainst Rome,
And vows revenge as spacious as between
The young'st and oldest thing.

SIC. This is most likely !

BRU. Raised only, that the weaker sort may wish
Good Marcius home again.

SIC. The very trick on 't. 70

MEN. This is unlikely :
He and Aufidius can no more atone*
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter a second Messenger.

SEC. MESS. You are sent for to the senate :
A fearful army, led by Caius Marcius
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories ; and have already
O'erborne their way, consumed with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter COMINIUS.

COM. O, you have made good work !

MEN. What news ? what news ? 80

COM. You have help

To melt the city leads upon your pates,
To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses,—

MEN. What's the news ? what's the news ?

59 *Turns their countenances*, makes them change colour.

67 *Revenge as spacious, etc.* Revenge that shall embrace all,
from the youngest to the oldest.

73 *Than contrariety*—can become agreement ; than con-
traries can agree.

78 *O'erborne their way.* Have irresistibly made way.

COM. Your temples burned in their cement, and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confined
Into an auger's bore.

MEN. Pray now, your news?
You have made fair work, I fear me.—Pray, your news?—
If Marcius should be join'd with Volscians,—

COM. If! 90
He is their god : he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better ; and they follow him,
Against us brats, with no less confidence
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies.

MEN. You have made good work,
You and your apron-men ; you that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation and
The breath of garlic-eaters !

COM. He will shake
Your Rome about your ears.

MEN. As Hercules
Did shake down mellow fruit. You have made fair work !

BRU. But is this true, sir? 101

COM. Ay ; and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt ; and who resist
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame him ?
Your enemies and his find something in him.

85 *Burn'd in their cement.* *In for into* : the very walls penetrated and crumbled by the fire. *Cement*, with the accent on the first syllable, as *Ant.* and *Cle.* ii. 1, 48 ; iii. 2, 29.

86 *Whereon you stood*—against Coriolanus.

ib. *Confined into an auger's bore.* Confined by the conquerors within narrowest limits ; shut up in an auger-hole.

96 *Stood.* Insisted, laid stress.

97 *Occupation*, trade, = mechanics, artisans : as above, iv. 1, 14.

99 As easily as Hercules shook down the golden apples of the Hesperides.

105 *Constant.* Valiant, unflinching.

ib. *Who is't can blame him?* What wonder he prefers enemies who appreciate him to fellow-citizens who could find only harm in him?

MEN. We are all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.

COM. Who shall ask it?
The tribunes cannot do 't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him as the wolf 110
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they
Should say 'Be good to Rome,' they charged him even
As those should do that had deserved his hate,
And therein show'd* like enemies.

MEN. 'T is true:
If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say 'Beseech you, cease.' You have made fair hands,
You and your crafts! you have crafted fair!

COM. You have brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So incapable of help.

BOTH TRI. Say not we brought it. 120

MEN. How! Was it we! we loved him; but, like
beasts
And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o' the city.

COM. But I fear
They'll roar him in again. Tullus Aufidius,
The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer: desperation
Is all the policy, strength and defence,
That Rome can make against them.

Enter a troop of Citizens.

MEN. Here come the clusters.

112—114 *Charged . . . showed.* Conditional. They would be urging the same petition with his enemies, the tribunes; so would themselves appear like enemies.

117 *You have made fair hands*—ironically, 'You have not soiled your hands at all!'

119 *A trembling, etc.* A panic, the like of which—so desperate as this is—never was. [Or we might read, referring *so incapable of help to Rome, such as 't was never*: such as = such that, a usage not ungrammatical when Shakspeare wrote.]

122 *Your clusters.* The swarms that follow you.

124 *Roar him in again.* Bring him in with howling and lamentation.

125 *Obeys his points.* Exactly does all points of his command.

And is Aufidius with him? You are they
 That made the air unwholesome, when you cast 130
 Your stinking greasy caps in hooting at
 Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;
 And not a hair upon a soldier's head
 Which will not prove a whip: as many coxcombs
 As you threw caps up will he tumble down,
 And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter;
 If he could burn us all into one coal,
 We have deserved it.

CITIZENS. Faith, we hear fearful news.

FIRST CIT. For mine own part,

When I said, banish him, I said, 't was pity. 140

SEC. CIT. And so did I.

THIRD CIT. And so did I; and, to say the truth, so
 did very many of us: that we did, we did for the best;
 and though we willingly consented to his banishment,
 yet it was against our will.

COM. Ye're goodly things, you voices!

MEN. You have made

Good work, you and your cry! Shall's to the Capitol?

COM. O, ay, what else?

[*Exeunt* COMINIUS and MENENIUS.]

SIC. Go, masters, get you home; be not dismay'd: 150
 These are a side that would be glad to have
 This true which they so seem to fear. Go home,
 And show no sign of fear.

FIRST CIT. The gods be good to us! Come, masters,
 let's home.

I ever said we were i' the wrong when we banished him.

SEC. CIT. So did we all. But, come, let's home.

[*Exeunt* Citizens.]

BRU. I do not like this news.

SIC. Nor I.

BRU. Let's to the Capitol. Would half my wealth 160
 Would buy this for a lie!

SIC. Pray, let us go. [*Exeunt.*]

134 *Coxcombs.* Fools' heads. *foolscaps.*

149 *You and your cry.* To the Tribunes, 'you and your pack.'

SCENE VII.—*A camp, at a small distance from Rome.*

Enter AUFIDIUS and his Lieutenant.

AUF. Do they still fly to the Roman ?

LIEU. I do not know what witchcraft's in him, but
Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end ;
And you are darken'd in this action, sir,
Even by your own.

AUF. I cannot help it now,
Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier,
Even to my person, than I thought he would
When first I did embrace him : yet his nature 10
In that's no changeling ; and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

LIEU. Yet I wish, sir,—
I mean for your particular,*—you had not
Join'd in commission with him ; but either
Had borne the action of yourself, or else
To him had left it solely.

AUF. I understand thee well ; and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not
What I can urge against him. Although it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent 20
To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shows good husbandry for the Volscian state,
Fights dragon-like, and does achieve as soon
As draw his sword ; yet he hath left undone
That which shall break his neck or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.

LIEU. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry Rome ?

AUF. All places yield to him ere he sits down ;
And the nobility of Rome are his :
The senators and patricians love him too : 30

15 *Had borne the action.* Rem gessisses : as i. 1, 274, "Had borne the business : " and l. 21, "bears all things fairly."

22 *Husbandry.* Care.

28—57 Coleridge says of this speech : "I have always thought this in itself so beautiful speech the least explicable from the mood and full intention of the speaker of any in the whole works of Shakspeare." So much however is clear, that it contains two thoughts : 'Rome will open her gates to Coriolanus,' (this at

The tribunes are no soldiers ; and their people
 Will be as rash in the repeal,* as hasty
 To expel him thence. I think he'll be to Rome
 As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it
 By sovereignty of nature. First he was
 A noble servant to them ; but he could not
 Carry his honours even : whether 't was pride,
 Which out of daily fortune ever taints
 The happy man ; whether defect of judgment,
 To fail in the disposing of those chances 40
 Which he was lord of ; or whether nature,
 Not to be other than one thing, not moving
 From the casque to the cushion, but commanding peace
 Even with the same austerity and garb
 As he controll'd the war ; but one of these—
 As he hath spices of them all, not all,
 For I dare so far free him—made him fear'd,
 So hated, and so banish'd : but he has a merit,

length : then, briefly, resuming his former train of thought), 'but, when he is flushed with triumph, then I will accuse him to the Volscians.' The latter part of the speech is very difficult—perhaps corrupt.

28 *Sits down.* Lays siege to them.

34 *As is the osprey to the fish.* As fish, overcome by fear, are said to surrender themselves to the osprey. Steevens quotes from Peele's *Battle of Alcazar* (1594):

"I will provide thee with a princely osprey,
 That, as she flieth over fish in pools,
 The fish shall turn their glittering bellies up,
 And thou shalt take thy liberal choice of all."

36 *Could not carry his honours even.* Could not balance them ; like an ill-adjusted burthen, they bore him to the ground.

39 *Defect of judgment, etc.* Want of tact in using the opportunities he had gained.

42 *Not to be other than one thing.* Unable in the city to lay aside the imperious bearing proper to the camp.

46 *Spices . . . not all.* Not the fault—only a touch of it, a taste.

48 *But he has a merit, etc.* He did noble service as a soldier: and, though as a statesman, promoted for his service in the wars, he fell into disgrace, yet, confronted with the transcendent merit of the man, (which only waits its opportunity, war not peace) the very name of his fault must stick in the throats of his accusers.

To choke it in the utterance. So our virtues
 Lie in the interpretation of the time : 50
 And power, unto itself most commendable,
 Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
 To extol what it hath done.
 One fire drives out one fire ; one nail, one nail ;
 Rights by rights fouler, strengths by strengths do fail.
 Come, let's away. When, Caius, Rome is thine,
 Thou art poor'st of all ; then shortly art thou mine.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Rome. A public place.*

Enter MENENIUS, COMINIUS, SICINIUS, BRUTUS, and
others.

MEN. No, I'll not go : you hear what he hath said
 Which was sometime his general ; who loved him
 In a most dear particular.* He call'd me father :
 But what o' that ? Go, you that banish'd him ;

49 *So our virtues, etc.* Our virtues are virtues no longer if the time interprets them as none. The soldier who is all soldier is misinterpreted in time of peace : for his unfitness for peace is seen, his fitness for war is not seen. So Coriolanus—the power he had won in war but wielded in peace, conscious of having deserved well, could *so itself* commend itself, but the chair of authority, which irritated the people by seeming to do nothing else but commend his past exploits *to them*, proved just the tomb—the evident, inevitable tomb—that swallowed up the power it was intended to display. So he offended the Romans when he had taken Corioli : much more he will offend the Volscians when he has taken Rome.

54 *One fire drives out one fire, etc.* “Even as one heat another heat expels, Or as one nail by strength drives out another,” (Two Gent. of Ver. ii. 4, 192. Cp. Rom. and Jul. i. 2, 46 ; Jul. Cæs. iii. 1, 171 ; K. John iii. 1, 277:) so, says Aufidius, when the time is ripe, will I drive out him—his rights with my rights, his strength with my strength. *Fouler* has been altered in a variety of ways, but may after all be right, and is at least as good as the conjectures. The meaning seems to be—‘Rights yield to rights—often the fairer to the fouler, when strength yields to strength :’ ‘It is the superior strength, not the better right, that wins.’ Aufidius (as in Act i. Sc. 2) confesses his own baseness.

A mile before his tent fall down, and knee
The way into his mercy : nay, if he coy'd
To hear Cominius speak, I'll keep at home.

COM. He would not seem to know me.

MEN.

Do you hear?

COM. Yet one time he did call me by my name :

I urged our old acquaintance, and the drops 10
That we have bled together. Coriolanus
He would not answer to : forbad all names ;
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forged himself a name o' the fire
Of burning Rome.

MEN.

Why, so : you have made good work !

A pair of tribunes that have rack'd* for Rome,
To make coals cheap,—a noble memory !

COM. I minded him how royal 't was to pardon
When it was less expected : he replied,
It was a bare petition of a state 20
To one whom they had punish'd.

MEN.

Very well :

Could he say less ?

COM. I offer'd to awaken his regard

For 's private friends : his answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome musty chaff, he said 't was folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nose the offence.

MEN.

For one poor grain or two !

I am one of those ; his mother, wife, his child,
And this brave fellow too, we are the grains : 30
You are the musty chaff ; and you are smelt
Above the moon : we must be burnt for you.

6 *Coy'd*. Listened with cold reserve. Commonly, of the reserve of affected modesty.

16 *Have racked for Rome, etc.* "Have been such good stewards for the Roman people, as to get their houses burned over their heads, to save them the expense of coals."—STEEVENS.

20 *It was a bare petition, etc.* 'Considering whence it was, and to whom addressed, could I not adorn it with eloquence—clothe it at least with decency of better reasons?'

26 *He said 't was folly, etc.* Relative understood : 'which he said it was folly to leave unburnt.'

28 *Offence*. Nuisance.

SIC. Nay, pray, be patient : if you refuse your aid
In this so-never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid's with our distress. But, sure, if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our countryman.

MEN. No, I'll not meddle.

SIC. Pray you, go to him.

MEN. What should I do ?

BRU. Only make trial what your love can do 40
For Rome, towards Marcius.

MEN. Well, and say that Marcius
Return me, as Cominius is return'd,
Unheard ; what then ?

But as a discontented friend, grief-shot
With his unkindness ? say't be so ?

SIC. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from Rome, after the measure
As you intended well.

MEN. I'll undertake't :
I think he'll hear me. Yet, to bite his lip
And hum at good Cominius, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well ; he had not dined : 50
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive ; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes and these conveyances of our blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts : therefore I'll watch him
Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I'll set upon him.

BRU. You know the very road into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way.

MEN. Good faith, I'll prove him, 60

34 *So-never-needed.* Needed as never was help needed before.

44 *Grief-shot.* Bearing away in my heart the grievous shaft of his unkindness.

46 *That thanks, etc.* Such gratitude as shall be according to the measure of your good intentions.

50 *He was not taken well.* Cominius did not go to him at a propitious moment.

57 *Dieted to my request.* In the humour, having dined, to hear me.

Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success. [Exit.

COM. He'll never hear him.

SIC. Not?

COM. I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye
Red as 't would burn Rome; and his injury
The gaoler to his pity. I kneel'd before him;
'T was very faintly he said 'Rise;' dismiss'd me
Thus, with his speechless hand: what he would do,
He sent in writing after me, what he would not—
Bound with an oath, to yield to his conditions:
So that all hope is vain, 70
Unless his noble mother, and his wife;
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country. Therefore, let's hence,
And with our fair entreaties haste them on. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*Entrance of the Volscian camp before Rome.*
Two Sentinels on guard.

Enter to them, MENENIUS.

FIRST SEN. Stay: whence are you?

SEC. SEN. Stand, and go back.

MEN. You guard like men; 't is well: but, by your
leave,

I am an officer of state, and come
To speak with Coriolanus.

FIRST SEN. From whence?

61 *Speed how it will*: (*let it speed*—my proving him:) however he receives me, I will not be discouraged, but go on till I have sounded him. I shall soon know what my success is.

63 *In gold*. "He was set in his chair of state, with a marvellous and unspeakable majesty."—NORTH'S PLUTARCH. Steevens comp. Henry VIII. i. 1, 19: "All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods."

64 *His injury*. Remembrance of the wrong that he has suffered.

67 *What he would do, etc.* Sent after me, in writing, what he would, what he would not, consent to do; confirming this with an oath which only our acceptance of his terms can cancel. Cp. Sc. 3, 12-17.—With the construction "An oath to yield," cp. iv. 7, 48, 52: "a merit, to choke it," "a chair to extol."

71 His mother and wife are our only hope.

MEN. From Rome.

FIRST SEN. You may not pass, you must return : our
general
Will no more hear from thence.

SEC. SEN. You'll see your Rome embraced with fire
before
You'll speak with Coriolanus.

MEN. Good my friends,
If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks, 10
My name hath touch'd your ears : it is Menenius.

FIRST SEN. Be it so ; go back : the virtue of your
name
Is not here passable.*

MEN. I tell thee, fellow,
Thy general is my lover : I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd, haply amplified ;
For I have ever verified my friends,
Of whom he's chief, with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer : nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground, 20
I have tumbled past the throw ; and in his praise
Have almost stamp'd the leasing* : therefore, fellow,
I must have leave to pass.

FIRST SEN. Faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in
his behalf as you have uttered words in your own, you
should not pass here ; no, though it were as virtuous to lie
as to live chastely. Therefore, go back.

10 *Lots of blanks.* Seems to be a colloquial expression for a certainty ; 'No question here of drawing a prize—the thing is as certain as drawing a ticket.' *Lots = blanks + prizes.*

13 *Is not here passable.* Cannot pass (or procure you passage) here.

17 *I have ever verified, etc.* I have always told the truth about my friends' good acts—always the whole truth—sometimes perhaps a little more than the truth.

20 *A subtle ground.* So sloped as to require delicate play, deceptive, hard to calculate.

22 *Have almost stamped the leasing.* In my eagerness to praise him have scarcely checked myself from giving currency to the falsehood—letting it go forth stamped with my authority.

MEN. Prithee, fellow, remember my name is Menenius, always factionary on the party of your general. 31

SEC. SEN. Howsoever you have been his liar, as you say you have, I am one that, telling true under him, must say, you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

MEN. Has he dined, canst thou tell? for I would not speak with him till after dinner.

FIRST SEN. You are a Roman, are you?

MEN. I am, as thy general is. 39

FIRST SEN. Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can you, when you have pushed out your gates the very defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance, given your enemy your shield, think to front his revenges with the easy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a decayed dotant* as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire your city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as this? No, you are deceived; therefore, back to Rome, and prepare for your execution: you are condemned, our general has sworn you out of re-prieve and pardon. 54

MEN. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

SEC. SEN. Come, my captain knows you not.

MEN. I mean, thy general.

FIRST SEN. My general cares not for you. Back, I say, go; lest I let forth your half-pint of blood; back,—that's the utmost of your having*: back.

MEN. Nay, but, fellow, fellow,—

Enter CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.

COR. What's the matter? 64

MEN. Now, you companion,* I'll say an errand for you: you shall know now that I am in estimation; you

31 *Factionary.* Always a partisan in party struggles, and on your general's side.

44 *Front, confront*:—*easy*, ready, at command:—*virginal palms*, hands of maidens lifted in supplication.

65 *I'll say an errand for you.* You shall hear how I can say what I was sent to say.

shall perceive that a Jack guardant cannot office me from my son Coriolanus : guess, but by my entertainment with him, if thou standest not i' the state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering ; behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee. [*To COR.*] The glorious gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father Menenius does ! O my son, my son ! thou art preparing fire for us ; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly moved to come to thee ; but, being assured none but myself could move thee, I have been blown out of your gates with sighs ; and conjure thee to pardon Rome, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here,—this, who, like a block, hath denied my access to thee. 85

COR. Away !

MEN. How ! away !

COR. Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs
Are servanted to others : though I owe*
My revenge properly, my remission lies 90
In Volscian breasts. That we have been familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather
Than pity note how much. Therefore, be gone.
Mine ears against your suits are stronger than
Your gates against my force. Yet, for I loved thee,
Take this along ; I writ it for thy sake, [*Gives a letter.*
And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius,
I will not hear thee speak. This man, Aufidius,
Was my beloved in Rome : yet thou behold'st !

AUF. You keep a constant temper. 100

[*Exeunt CORIOLANUS and AUFIDIUS.*]

FIRST SEN. Now, sir, is your name Menenius ?

SEC. SEN. 'T is a spell, you see, of much power : you know the way home again.

67 *A Jack guardant.* Contemptuously, 'a Jack on guard.' So Mer. of Ven. iii. 4, 77 : "these bragging Jacks : " Much Ado i. 1, 186 : "the flouting Jack." Steevens compares "a term still in use—a *Jack in office* ; i.e. one who is as proud of his petty consequence as an exciseman."

89 *Though I owe, etc.* The Volscians have charged me with the execution of my own revenge : it is mine therefore to execute, but not to remit.

FIRST SEN. Do you hear how we are shent* for keeping your greatness back?

SEC. SEN. What cause, do you think, I have to swoon?

MEN. I neither care for the world nor your general: for such things as you, I can scarce think there's any, ye're so slight.* He that hath a will to die by himself fears it not from another: let your general do his worst. For you, be that you are, long; and your misery increase with your age! I say to you, as I was said to, Away! 114
[Exit.

FIRST SEN. A noble fellow, I warrant him.

SEC. SEN. The worthy fellow is our general: he's the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*The tent of CORIOLANUS.*

Enter CORIOLANUS, AUFIDIUS, and others.

COR. We will before the walls of Rome to-morrow Set down our host. My partner in this action, You must report to the Volscian lords, how plainly I have borne this business.

AUF. Only their ends You have respected; stopp'd your ears against The general suit of Rome; never admitted A private whisper, no, not with such friends That thought them sure of you.

COR. This last old man, Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome, Loved me above the measure of a father; 10 Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge Was to send him; for whose old love I have, Though I show'd* sourly to him, once more offer'd The first conditions, which they did refuse And cannot now accept; to grace him only That thought he could do more, a very little I have yielded to: fresh embassies and suits, Nor from the state nor private friends, hereafter Will I lend ear to. Ha! what shout is this? [Shout within. Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow 20 In the same time 't is made? I will not.

Enter, in mourning habits, VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA, leading young MARCIUS, VALERIA, and Attendants.

My wife comes foremost; then the honour'd mould

Wherein this trunk was framed, and in her hand
 The grandchild to her blood. But, out, affection !
 All bond and privilege of nature, break !
 Let it be virtuous to be obstinate.
 What is that curt'sy worth? or those doves' eyes,
 Which can make gods forsworn? I melt, and am not
 Of stronger earth than others. My mother bows ;
 As if Olympus to a molehill should
 In supplication nod : and my young boy
 Hath an aspect of intercession, which
 Great nature cries ' Deny not.' Let the Volsces
 Plough Rome, and harrow Italy ; I 'll never
 Be such a gosling to obey instinct, but stand,
 As if a man were author of himself
 And knew no other kin.

30

VIR. My lord and husband !

COR. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

VIR. The sorrow that delivers us thus changed
 Makes you think so.

COR. Like a dull actor now,
 I have forgot my part, and I am out,
 Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
 Forgive my tyranny ; but do not say
 For that ' Forgive our Romans.' O, a kiss
 Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge !
 Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
 I carried from thee, dear ; and my true lip
 Hath virgin'd it e'er since. You gods ! I prate,
 And the most noble mother of the world
 Leave unsaluted : sink, my knee, i' the earth ; [*Kneels.* 50
 Of thy deep duty more impression show
 Than that of common sons.

40

VOL. O, stand up blest !
 Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,

27 *What is that curt'sy worth?* Rebuking his own weakness.

39 'It is the change that sorrow has wrought in us, which makes you think you see us with other eyes than formerly.'

44 *For that.* In answer, prayer for prayer.

46 *That kiss I carried from thee.* I give you back the kiss you gave me when we parted.

48 *Virgin'd it.* Played the virgin. So ii. 3, 128, "fool it ;" and elsewhere, "queen it," "duke it," &c.

ib. *Prate* Theobald conj. *pray* Ff.

I kneel before thee ; and unproperly
Show duty, as mistaken all this while
Between the child and parent.

[*Kneels.*

COR. What is this ?
Your knees to me ? to your corrected son ?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillip the stars ; then let the mutinous winds
Strike the proud cedars 'gainst the fiery sun ;
Murdering impossibility, to make
What cannot be, slight work.

60

VOL. Thou art my warrior ;
I help to frame thee. Do you know this lady ?

COR. The noble sister of Publicola,
The moon of Rome, chaste as the icicle
That's curdied* by the frost from purest snow
And hangs on Dian's temple : dear Valeria !

VOL. This is a poor epitome of yours,
Which by the interpretation of full time
May show* like all yourself.

COR. The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness ; that thou mayst prove
To shame invulnerable, and stick i' the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,*
And saving those that eye thee !

70

VOL. Your knee, sirrah.

COR. That's my brave boy !

VOL. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,
Are suitors to you.

COR. I beseech you, peace :
Or, if you 'ld ask, remember this before :

55 *Mistaken all this while.* Mistakenly till now supposed due, not from parent to child, but from child to parent.

57 *Corrected.* Rebuked by the sight.

61 *Murdering impossibility*—let nothing be impossible any more.

68 *A poor epitome of yours.* Johnson proposed to read 'of you : ' which however is implied in *epitome*, (*of yours* being possessive :) 'an abridgment, which, with time's commentary, may grow to the full proportions of its original, yourself.'

76 *That's my brave boy.* It has been suggested that the boy *refuses* to kneel and that Coriolanus admires his courage. But 'brave' of course means 'good.'

The thing I have forsworn to grant may never 80
 Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
 Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate*
 Again with Rome's mechanics : tell me not
 Wherein I seem unnatural : desire not
 To allay my rages and revenges with
 Your colder reasons.

VOL. O, no more, no more !
 You have said you will not grant us any thing ;
 For we have nothing else to ask, but that
 Which you deny already : yet we will ask ;
 That, if you fail in our request, the blame 90
 May hang upon your hardness : therefore hear us.

COR. Aufidius, and you Volsces, mark ; for we'll
 Hear nought from Rome in private. Your request ?

VOL. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment
 And state of bodies would bewray* what life
 We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself
 How more unfortunate than all living women
 Are we come hither : since that thy sight, which should
 Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,
 Constrains them weep and shake with fear and sorrow ;
 Making the mother, wife and child to see 101
 The son, the husband and the father tearing
 His country's bowels out. And to poor we
 Thine enmity's most capital : thou barr'st us
 Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
 That all but we enjoy ; for how can we,
 Alas, how can we for our country pray,
 Whereto we are bound, together with thy victory,
 Whereto we are bound ? alack, or we must lose
 The country, our dear nurse, or else thy person, 110
 Our comfort in the country. We must find
 An evident calamity, though we had

80 *Forsworn to grant.* Sworn not to grant.

81 *Denials.* The plural is colloquial. Cp. i. 3, 112 : "To make it brief wars : " iv. 3, 13 : "There hath been strange insurrections."

90 *Fail in our request.* Fail us where we seek your succour.

94 Volumnia's speech is taken, almost verbatim, from North's Plutarch.

103 *To poor we.* As if the epithet gave the pronoun a right to go undeclined, as for example in *As You Like It*, iii. 2, 10.

Our wish, which side should win ; for either thou
 Must, as a foreign recreant,* be led
 With manacles through our streets, or else
 Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,
 And bear the palm for having bravely shed
 Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
 I purpose not to wait on fortune till
 These wars determine :* if I cannot persuade thee 120
 Rather to show a noble grace to both parts
 Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
 March to assault thy country than to tread—
 Trust to 't, thou shalt not—on thy mother's womb,
 That brought thee to this world.

VIR. Ay, and mine,
 That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
 Living to time.

YOUNG MAR. A' shall not tread on me ;
 I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.

COR. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
 Requires nor child nor woman's face to see. 130
 I have sat too long. [Rising.

VOL. Nay, go not from us thus.
 If it were so that our request did tend
 To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
 The Volsces whom you serve, you might condemn us,
 As poisonous of your honour : no ; our suit
 Is, that you reconcile them : while the Volsces
 May say ' This mercy we have show'd ; ' the Romans,
 ' This we received ; ' and each in either side
 Give the all-hail to thee, and cry ' Be blest
 For making up this peace ! ' Thou know'st, great son, 140
 The end of war's uncertain, but this certain,
 That, if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
 Which thou shalt thereby reap is such a name,
 Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses ;
 Whose chronicle thus writ : ' The man was noble,
 But with his last attempt he wiped it out ;
 Destroy'd his country, and his name remains
 To the ensuing age abhorr'd. ' Speak to me, son :
 Thou hast affected the fine strains* of honour,

125 *World*. Pronounced as two syllables. Cp. i. 1, 195, *note*.

149 *Fine strains of honour*. Touches, traits of the heroic ; a more than ordinary, almost more than human, elevation and magnificence of nature.

To imitate the graces of the gods ; 150
 To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,
 And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
 That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?
 Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
 Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, speak you :
 He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou, boy :
 Perhaps thy childishness will move him more
 Than can our reasons. There's no man in the world
 More bound to's mother ; yet here he lets me prate
 Like one i' the stocks. Thou hast never in thy life 160
 Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy,
 When she, poor hen, fond of no second brood,
 Has cluck'd thee to the wars and safely home,
 Loaden with honour. Say my request's unjust,
 And spurn me back : but if it be not so,
 Thou art not honest ; and the gods will plague thee,
 That thou restrain'st from me the duty which
 To a mother's part belongs. He turns away :
 Down, ladies ; let us shame him with our knees.
 To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride 170
 Than pity to our prayers. Down : an end ;
 This is the last : so we will home to Rome,
 And die among our neighbours. Nay, behold's :
 This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
 But kneels and holds up hands for fellowship,
 Does reason our petition with more strength
 Than thou hast to deny't. Come, let us go :
 This fellow had a Volscian to his mother ;
 His wife is in Corioli and his child
 Like him by chance. Yet give us our dispatch : 180

150 *To imitate, etc.* To be strong gracefully as the gods are strong, whose strength is force, not violence—omnipotence wielded by absolute will—able to rend the universe, yet charged to rend an oak.

153 *Why dost not speak?* You who have so affected nobleness—is *this* noble?

160 *Like one i' the stocks*—as ineffectually.

172 *So, with this :* if this our last petition fails.

179 'His child is not his child.' Theobald proposed to read *this child*.

180 'We are going : there is no more for us to say : it only remains for you to bid us go.'

I am hush'd until our city be a-fire,
And then I'll speak a little.

[*He holds her by the hand, silent.*]

COR. O mother, mother!

What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,
The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O!
You have won a happy victory to Rome;
But, for your son,—believe it, O, believe it,
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal to him. But, let it come.
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
Were you in my stead, would you have heard
A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius?

190

AUF. I was moved withal.

COR. I dare be sworn you were:

And, sir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,
What peace you'll make, advise me: for my part,
I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you; and pray you,
Stand to me in this cause. O mother! wife!

AUF. [*Aside.*] I am glad thou hast set thy mercy and
thy honour

At difference in thee: out of that I'll work
Myself a former fortune.

201

[*The Ladies make signs to CORIOLANUS.*]

COR. Ay, by and by; [*To VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, &c.*]
But we will drink together; and you shall bear
A better witness back than words, which we,
On like conditions, will have counter-seal'd.
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you: all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace.

[*Exeunt.* 209]

192 The emphasis on *you* causes it to occupy the time of two syllables. Cp. i. 1, 220, *note*.

202 *A former fortune.* Such fortune as I possessed before I renounced a share of my power in favour of Coriolanus.

203 *But we will drink together.* But first Aufidius and I will meet, and discuss the terms to be offered.

204 *Which we, etc.* An agreement, written and subscribed by us—to the terms of which the Romans, on their part, must signify consent.

SCENE IV.—*Rome. A public place.**Enter MENENIUS and SICINIUS.*

MEN. See you yond coign* o' the Capitol, yond corner-stone?

SIC. Why, what of that?

MEN. If it be possible for you to displace it with your little finger, there is some hope the ladies of Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him. But I say there is no hope in 't : our throats are sentenced and stay upon execution.

SIC. Is 't possible that so short a time can alter the condition* of a man? 10

MEN. There is differency between a grub and a butterfly ; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon : he has wings ; he's more than a creeping thing.

SIC. He loved his mother dearly.

MEN. So did he me : and he no more remembers his mother now than an eight-year-old horse. The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes : when he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading : he is able to pierce a corslet with his eye ; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state,* as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done is finished with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god but eternity and a heaven to throne in. 26

SIC. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

MEN. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him : there is no more mercy in him than there is milk in a male tiger ; that shall our poor city find : and all this is 'long of you.

SIC. The gods be good unto us !

MEN. No, in such a case the gods will not be good unto us. When we banished him, we respected not them ; and, he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

MESS. Sir, if you 'ld save your life, fly to your house :

23 *A thing made for Alexander.* An image of him.

28 *In the character.* To the life.

The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune
 And hale him up and down, all swearing, if 40
 The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,
 They'll give him death by inches.

Enter a second Messenger.

SIC. What's the news?

SEC. MESS. Good news, good news; the ladies have
 prevail'd,

The Volscians are dislodged, and Marcius gone:
 A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
 No, not the expulsion of the Tarquins.

SIC. Friend,
 Art thou certain this is true? is it most certain?

SEC. MESS. As certain as I know the sun is fire:
 Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?
 Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide, 50
 As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark you!

[*Trumpets; hautboys; drums beat; all together.*
 The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries, and fifes,
 Tabors and cymbals and the shouting Romans,
 Make the sun dance. Hark you! [*A shout within.*

MEN. This is good news:
 I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
 Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
 A city full; of tribunes, such as you,
 A sea and land full. You have pray'd well to-day:
 This morning for ten thousand of your throats
 I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy! 60
 [*Music still, with shouts.*

SIC. First, the gods bless you for your tidings; next,
 Accept my thankfulness.

SEC. MESS. Sir, we have all
 Great cause to give great thanks.

SIC. They are near the city?

SEC. MESS. Almost at point to enter.

SIC. We will meet them,
 And help the joy. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The same. A street near the gate.*

Enter two Senators with VOLUMNIA, VIRGILIA, VALERIA, &c. passing over the stage, followed by Patricians, and others.

FIRST SEN. Behold our patroness, the life of Rome !
Call all your tribes together, praise the gods,
And make triumphant fires ; strew flowers before them :
Unshout the noise that banish'd Marcius,
Repeal* him with the welcome of his mother ;
Cry ' Welcome, ladies, welcome !'

ALL. Welcome, ladies,
Welcome !

[A flourish with drums and trumpets. Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—*Antium. A public place.*

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, with Attendants.

AUF. Go tell the lords o' the city I am here :
Deliver them this paper : having read it,
Bid them repair to the market-place ; where I,
Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuse
The city ports* by this hath enter'd and
Intends to appear before the people, hoping
To purge himself with words : dispatch.

[Exeunt Attendants.]

Enter three or four Conspirators of AUFIDIUS' faction.
Most welcome !

FIRST CON. How is it with our general ?

AUF. Even so 10
As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,
And with his charity slain.

SEC. CON. Most noble sir,
If you do hold the same intent wherein
You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

4 *Unshout the noise.* Annul the former noise with shouts of welcome to his mother.

5 *Him I accuse.* The converse of the Greek 'attraction'—antecedent in case of omitted relative. So *As You Like It*, i. 1, 46 : "Him I am before."

AUF. Sir, I cannot tell :
We must proceed as we do find the people.

THIRD CON. The people will remain uncertain whilst
'Twi'x't you there's difference ; but the fall of either
Makes the survivor heir of all.

AUF. I know it ;
And my pretext to strike at him admits 20
A good construction. I raised him, and I pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth : who being so heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dew's of flattery,
Seducing so my friends ; and, to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unswayable and free.

THIRD CON. Sir, his stoutness
When he did stand for consul, which he lost
By lack of stooping,—

AUF. That I would have spoke of :
Being banish'd for 't, he came unto my hearth ; 30
Presented to my knife his throat : I took him ;
Made him joint-servant with me ; gave him way
In all his own desires ; nay, let him choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men : served his designments
In mine own person ; help to reap the fame
Which he did end all his ; and took some pride
To do myself this wrong : till, at the last,
I seem'd his follower, not partner, and
He waged me with his countenance, as if 40
I had been mercenary.

FIRST CON. So he did, my lord :
The army marvell'd at it, and, in the last,
When he had carried Rome and that* we look'd
For no less spoil than glory,—

17 You will *wait* in vain for the people: they will be on your side when you have struck the blow.

27 *Sir, his stoutness, etc.* This rough ungovernable disposition which he displayed at Rome, (the Conspirator would have said), may itself be urged against him. Aufidius interrupts with a third charge—of supercilious treatment of himself.

37 *Did end all his.* Contrived finally to appropriate.

40 *Wag'd me with his countenance.* Paid me with his patronage: made me feel that, when he approved of me, he was paying me wages.

AUF. There was it,
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action : therefore shall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark !

[*Drums and trumpets sound, with great shouts of the people.*]

FIRST CON. Your native town you enter'd like a post,*
And had no welcomes home ; but he returns, 51
Splitting the air with noise.

SEC. CON. And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear
With giving him glory.

THIRD CON. Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounced shall bury
His reasons with his body.

AUF. Say no more :
Here come the lords. 60

Enter the Lords of the city.

ALL THE LORDS. You are most welcome home.

AUF. I have not deserved it.
But, worthy lords, have you with heed perused
What I have written to you ?

LORDS. We have.

FIRST LORD. And grieve to hear 't.
What faults he made before the last, I think
Might have found easy fines : but there to end
Where he was to begin and give away
The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge, making a treaty where
There was a yielding,—this admits no excuse.

AUF. He approaches : you shall hear him. 70

45 *For which my sinews, etc.* The point on which I will put forth my whole strength against him.

46 *At.* At the price of.

58 *After your way his tale pronounced.* Your version of his story.

59 *His reasons.* His arguments, defence.

67 *Answering us with our own charge.* Instead of spoils and victory, bringing back the bill—for ourselves to pay.

*Enter CORIOLANUS, marching with drum and colours;
Commoners being with him.*

COR. Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier,
No more infected with my country's love
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know
That prosperously I have attempted and
With bloody passage led your wars even to
The gates of Rome. Our spoils we have brought home
Do more than counterpoise a full third part
The charges of the action. We have made peace
With no less honour to the Antiates 80
Than shame to the Romans: and we here deliver,
Subscribed by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o' the senate, what
We have compounded on.

AUF. Read it not, noble lords;
But tell the traitor, in the high'st degree
He hath abused your powers.

COR. Traitor! how now!

AUF. Ay, traitor, Marcius!

COR. Marcius!

AUF. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius: dost thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n name
Coriolanus in Corioli? 90

You lords and heads o' the state, perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city Rome,
I say 'your city,' to his wife and mother;
Breaking his oath and resolution like
A twist of rotten silk, never admitting
Counsel o' the war, but at his nurse's tears
He whined and roar'd away your victory,
That pages blush'd at him and men of heart
Look'd wondering each at other.

COR. Hear'st thou, Mars? 100

71 *Soldier.* Three syllables, as i. 1, 120.

90 *In Corioli*—'and, if not there, how in any Volscian city—how here in Antium?' For (unless in this line) we have no indication, and it is unlikely, that Shakspeare intended the scene (as some editors have thought) to be laid in Corioli. The Folios do not assign it to either place.

96 *Never admitting counsel of.* Admitting no thought of.

AUF. Name not the god, thou boy of tears !

COR. Ha !

AUF. No more.

COR. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. 'Boy' ! O slave !
Pardon me, lords, 't is the first time that ever
I was forced to scold. Your judgments, my grave
lords,

Must give this cur the lie : and his own notion—
Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him ; that
Must bear my beating to his grave—shall join
To thrust the lie unto him.

110

FIRST LORD. Peace, both, and hear me speak.

COR. Cut me to pieces, Volsces ; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me. 'Boy' ! false hound !
If you have writ your annals true, 't is there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli :
Alone I did it. 'Boy' !

AUF. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears ?

ALL CONSP. Let him die for 't. 120

ALL THE PEOPLE. 'Tear him to pieces.' 'Do it presently.'
'He killed my son.' 'My daughter.' 'He killed my cousin Marcus.'
'He killed my father.'

SEC. LORD. Peace, ho ! no outrage : peace !
The man is noble and his fame folds-in
This orb o' the earth. His last offences to us
Shall have judicious hearing. Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.

101 *Tears.* See i. 1, 195, *note.*

107 *Notion.* His own mind, his own thoughts. So Macb. iii. 1, 83 : "To half a soul and to a notion crazed ;" Lear i. 4, 248, "His notion weakens."

126 *Folds in.* Enfolds. So iii. 3, 68.

127 *This orb o' the earth*—*i.e.* is world-wide. Or, as Dr. Delius explains it, this side (or disc) of the earth : as Ham. i. 1, 85 : "This side of our known world."

128 *Judicious.* Wise and careful. Steevens explains it as = judicial : but Shakspeare does not so use it elsewhere.

COR. O that I had him,
With six Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe, 130
To use my lawful sword !

AUF. Insolent villain !

ALL CONSP. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him !

[*The Conspirators draw, and kill* CORIOLANUS :
AUFIDIUS *stands on his body.*

LORDS. Hold, hold, hold, hold !

AUF. My noble masters, hear me speak.

FIRST LORD. O Tullus,—

SEC. LORD. Thou hast done a deed whereat valour
will weep.

THIRD LORD. Tread not upon him. Masters all, be
quiet ;

Put up your swords.

AUF. My lords, when you shall know—as in this rage,
Provoked by him, you cannot—the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you 'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours 140
To call me to your senate, I 'll deliver
Myself your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.

FIRST LORD. Bear from hence his body ;
And mourn you for him : let him be regarded
As the most noble corse that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.

SEC. LORD. His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let's make the best of it.

AUF. My rage is gone ;
And I am struck with sorrow. Take him up.
Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers ; I 'll be one. 150
Beat thou the drum, that it speak mournfully :

129 Coriolanus ends, as he began, with intemperate speech, which would "take from Aufidius a great part of blame," had we not overheard him plotting the murder of the Roman in cold blood. It is to be noticed how our admiration of the noble side of the character of Coriolanus, on which depends the tragic interest of his death, is excited to the utmost by the contrast between him and Aufidius, strongly marked throughout the play, most strongly here.

Trail your steel pikes. Though in this city he
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.*

Assist.

*[Exeunt, bearing the body of CORIOLANUS.
A dead march sounded.]*



GLOSSARY

A

addition—i. 9, 66, 72. An added name or title. Cp. Macbeth, i. 3, 106—

“He bade me from him call thee Thane of Cawdor;
In which *addition* hail, most worthy Thane!”

a-doing—iv. 2, 5. ‘In the act.’ *Doing* is a subst., like *beginning*, *learning*, &c. : not to be confounded with the participle—the termination having been substantival before it was participial. Comp. termination *-ung* of verbal substantives in German. *A* is a corruption of the preposition *on*, sometimes equivalent to *in*. *To go a-hunting* is to go *on* hunting (so *on* a journey, *on* an errand, *on* business): *to be a-going*, *on* (= *in*) going, in the act of going. Cp. *asleep*, = ‘on sleep,’ (Acts xiii. 36): *alive* = in life, (Gower has ‘on live’): *anon*, *a-two* (in one, in two): *afoot*, *abed*, *asunder*, &c.

advance—i. 6, 61; ii. 1, 178. To lift. So *Tempest*, i. 2, 408: “The fringed curtains of thine eye *advance*”; *ib.* iv. 1, 177: “*Advanced* their eyelids”; *Rich.* III. i. 2, 40: “*Advance* thy halberd higher than my breast.”

alarum—ii. 2, 80. Alarm. (Ital. *all' arme*: to arms!) summons to battle.

allow—iii. 3, 45. To acknowledge. Hence, to approve: as *Ps.* xi. 6: “The Lord alloweth the righteous.”

allowance—iii. 2, 57. “Of no allowance” = without a character, disallowed, unrecognized. Cp. *Othello*, ii. 1, 48—

“His bark is stoutly timbered, and his pilot

Of very expert and approved *allowance*.”

i.e. with an established character for skill and experience.

an—iv. 5, 200: = *if*. To the derivation from A. S. *annan* = *unnan*, which seems to have been generally accepted without suspicion on the authority of Horne Tooke, Garnett (*Philological Essays*, p. 22), objects—‘No such word exists.’ That ingenious but unsound and paradoxical writer, Horne Tooke, imagined that

all or most English conjunctions were derivable from imperative moods of verbs. This theory Mr. Garnett promptly demolishes. "Tooke's *if imperative*," he says, "led him into a labyrinth of errors." We have all heard *if* derived from the verb to *give*; and we have been convinced by the mention of its Scottish equivalent *gif* or *gin*. Who could doubt that "*Gin* a body meet a body" meant "*Suppose* or *grant* or *give* that favourable circumstance"? Mr. Garnett, however, takes us back to the Sanskrit *iva* (sic). He finds in Old German the forms *ibu*, *ipu*, which he describes as the instrumental case of a word meaning *doubtful*; and compares, in Icelandic, *efa*, to doubt, *efi*, a doubt, *ef*, if. [A kindred word in Gothic, *jabai*, seems to lead us to the Scottish *gif*.]

To take one illustration more of the theory and its demolition—the conjunction *but*. Tooke says there are two *buts*, one the imper. of A. S. *botan*, the other the imper. of A. S. *beon* (to be), combined with *utan* (*out*). Garnett shows that *But* is always, (like Greek *παρεκτός*, or our own *without*,) a combination of the preposition *by* with the adverb *out*. (A. S. *bi utan*.)

To return to *An*. Side by side with the form *an* we have *and*, clearly the same word, and used in the same manner, and the combination *and if*.

Thus Bacon says, "They will set their house on fire *and* it were but to roast their eggs."

And Shakspeare, (1 Henry VI. v. 4, 75,)

"It dies *and if* it had a thousand lives."

Two things may be remarked by the way. (1.) It is against all analogy to suppose that *an* is the original word: evidently *and* has been corrupted or shortened into *an*.

(2.) The combination *and if* (or *an if*) is almost absurd, if both words be *imperative moods*.

This brings us to the end. *An* is nothing but another form of the conjunction *and*, limited by a freak of language to a special use. There is reason to suppose that *and* was once a conjunction of all work; in other words, that there were no special conjunctions—and that *and*, the simple connector of clauses, served instead of them.

Mr. Earle (Philology of the English Tongue, p. 458), who cannot part with the familiar *if imperative*, and is neutral upon *an*, though he would "as lief think it merely a special habit of the common *and*," writes thus—"This colourless link-word seems invested with a meaning which recalls to mind what the *and* of the Hebrew is able to do in the subtle department of the conjunction. Indeed we may say that we are coming back in regard to our conjunctions to a simplicity such as that from which the Hebrew language never departed. The Book of Proverbs abounds in examples of the versatility of the Hebrew

and.” And more to the same effect. And how possible it is in English to do with hardly any relative or conjunctive or connecting words at all—he proves by quoting from Shakspeare,

“For I am he am born to tame you, Kate ;”

and from Keble,

“Where is it mothers learn their love?”

—and all readers of Shakspeare and Carlyle and Browning knew already.

And finally, Mr. Abbott (Grammar, § 102)—“The true explanation (of *and* with the subjunctive) appears to be that the hypothesis, the *if*, is expressed not by the *and*, but by the subjunctive, and that *and* merely means *with the addition of*, *plus*, just as *but* means *leaving out*, or *minus*.

The hypothesis is expressed by the simple subjunctive thus :

‘Go not my horse the better

I must become a borrower of the night.’

Macb. iii. 1, 25.

This sentence with *and* would become—‘I must become a borrower of the night *and* my horse go not the better,’ *i.e.* ‘*with*, or on, the *supposition* that my horse go not the better.’”

But, when a colourless *and* was felt to be insufficient for all purposes, and a distinctly-coloured *if* had come into existence, then the two were combined. *And* introduced the limitation, (with a “Mark you, there is more to come,”) and *if* defined the definition to be, not temporal nor causal, nor the rest, but hypothetical.

Lastly *and*, no longer needed, ceased, and *if* remained.

an hungry—i. 1, 209. For clearness it may be well to trace the meanings of the Teutonic prefix *a*, or *an*, each to its origin. This of course will be exclusive of all its meanings as a Romance prefix derived from Romance particles.

The eight meanings enumerated by Morris (Accidence, p. 224) seem practically to reduce themselves to four—

(1.) From *an*, = *ane*, (= one,) we have the indefinite article *a*, (or *an*.) Cp. *anon* = *on ane*, (combining 1 with 3).

(2.) From *of* or *off* (Sanskrit *apa*, Greek *ἀπό*, Latin *ab*).

e.g. *akin* (= of kin), *athirst* (= of thirst), *afraid* or *afear'd* (= O. E. *aferen* and *of-faeren*), *a-weary* (= *of-wery*, *i.e.* *tired out*; *of* = *off*. Abbott, Gr. § 24). *ashamed* (= O. E. *of-ashamed*. Morris, Acc. § 324), *adown* (= O. E. *of-dûne*: *of* = *off* = *away*.)

(3.) From *on* (or *an*) = *in*, *E.g.* *a-front*, *a-fire*, *a-row*, *a-tiptoe*, *a-twain*, *a-high*, etc., *a-gape* (Milton: = *on gape*); *a-cold* (Lear: = *in cold*); *a-live* (= *in life*, O. E. *on live*); *on brood* (Hamlet); *a-doing*, *a-coming*, etc. (= *in*, or *on*, *doing*, etc.)

[Probably *athirst*, *ashamed*, *afear'd*, *a-weary* (see 2), are

examples of the *intensive* use of the prefix *a* = *of* (or *off*). Cp. Greek ἀπό, (as in ἀποκτείνω, to kill off,) where the *intensity* is expressed by suggestion of continuance to the end, a clean job, nothing left to do.

But was the prefix *of* convertible into *on* or *an*? Probably not: in spite of the confusion so common in Shakspeare's time between the prepositions *of* and *on*, as "one on's ears."—COR. ii. 2, 85. There seems to be nothing in English corresponding to the *moveable v* (ν ἐφελκυστικόν) in Greek.

On the other hand, the verbs *alight*, *arouse*, *aby*, *abide*, *awake*, etc., (quoted by Morris, p. 224,) are probably to be referred to 3 as examples of the *intensive* use of the prefix *a* = *an* = *on* (or *in*.) Here the *intensity* is implied in the idea of concentration to one end, in one set direction. Lat. *intendere*, *indolere*, etc.; like Gr. ἐπιποθεῖν.]

(4.) = *y-* (or *i-*) from *ge-*, the A. S. prefix of the past participle. So *along* (= O. E. *gelaug*), among (*gemang*), alike (*gelice*), aware (*ge-wære*).

Now *an-hungry* is found also in the forms *an-hungred* (Mark ii. 25), O. E. *of-hyngred* (Morris, p. 228), whence *a-fingred* (Abbott, p. 34).

Is it then a participle (under 4), and *an-hungry* an adj. formed from a part., with participial meaning? If so, why is it *an*, not *a*?

Must not *of-hyngred* or *a-hungred* be another example of the intensive *of*, and *an-hungry* or *an-hungred* of the intensive *on*?

Precisely such an example of the application of the two intensive prefixes *of* and *on* to the same verb appears to be the verb *ahange* (Morris, p. 224), compared with *anhanged* (Chaucer, N. P. T. 15068).

anon—ii. 3, 149, 152; iv. 5, 19. At once. Corrupted from A.S. *on ane*, 'in one,' which is found in Gawin Douglas (who translated the *Æneid*, about 1513). Chaucer has frequently 'in one.'

arrive—ii. 3, 189: = to arrive at. So Jul. Cæs. i. 2, 110: "But ere we could arrive the point proposed." And Tennyson, "arrive at last the blessed goal."

article—ii. 3, 204. Condition, stipulation.

= Lat. *articulus*. (1.) joint, (2.) limb.

(1.) That which joints or articulates or defines [as in grammar: *indefinite* article being a contradiction in terms, except that it defines a thing as being *without* definition.] (2.) Limb. In grammar, *clause*. (Cp. Gr. κῶλον.) So *articles* = terms, each term separate and clear; clauses, particulars, of contract: e.g. articles of apprenticeship.

articulate, to speak clearly, to define, distinguish, (as by

joints,) each word or syllable. Or (Cor. i. 9, 77), to divide and explain, analyse, (as by joints,) terms of agreement.

as—In time of Shaks. (1) rel. pron. (2) conjunction (see that); though now we no longer use it as a conj. at all, and as a pron. only after *such* or *the same*, and in a few expressions like ‘As I believe,’ ‘As who can doubt?’ (1) Cor. i. 6, 68. Cp. Jul. Cæs. i. 2, 34: “I have not from your eyes that gentleness *as* I was wont to have:” (conversely, Cor. iii. 2, 55, “such words *that* are but roted”): (2) from Bacon’s Apophthegms (quoted by Richardson)—“Peter said, ‘Why do you knock? You have the keys.’ Sixtus answered, ‘It is true, but it is so long since they were given, *as* I doubt the wards of the lock be altered.”

attach—iii. 1, 175. To arrest. Properly, to fasten; as to *attach* is to fasten upon.

atone—iv. 6, 72. To agree, combine, be *at one*. So As You Like It, v. 4, 116—

“When earthly things made even
Atone together.”

audit—i. 1, 148. Properly (= audience) the hearing, or scrutiny, of accounts; here, the audited accounts themselves.

avoid—iv. 5, 25, 34. To quit (the house), clear out. To make empty: like Fr. *vider la maison*. So Lear, i. 1, 126: “Hence and avoid my sight.” “*To avoid a contract*, to make it void, of none effect, and hence to escape from the consequences of it. *To avoid vengeance* may be interpreted either to make void, or to escape, vengeance; shewing clearly the transition to the modern meaning.”—WEDGWOOD.

B

bait—iv. 2, 43. Probably derived in all its senses (so Mr. Wedgwood in second edition) from root-meaning *to bite*, so that *to bait* a bull is to set the dogs to *bite* it; and we *bait* the dogs, as we *bait* a horse, or a hook—give them their *bite*.

bald—iii. 1, 164. Naked, bare—so, senseless, empty. Hence *balder*, *balderdash*. So 1 Henry IV. i. 3, 65: “This *bald*, unjointed chat.”

bale—i. 1, 167. Grief, trouble, sorrow. In Spenser often: e.g. F. Q. i. 8, 14, “The eternal *bale* of heavie wounded hearts”: not elsewhere in Shakspeare: but “*baleful*” often—as “*baleful sorcery*,” “*baleful news*.”

bat—i. 1, 58, 165. Staff, cudgel. “The origin of the word

is an imitation of the sound of a blow by the syllable *bat*, the root of E. *beat*, It. *battere*, Fr. *battre*.”—WEDGWOOD.

bate—ii. 2, 144. To remit. From Fr. *abattre*: to abate, bring down, lessen. To “bate one jot of ceremony” = to lessen the amount of ceremony by so much as one jot.

bend—i. 2, 16. To direct. So Milton, *Par. Lost*, 2, 729: “To *bend* the mortal dart.” So to bend one’s course, steps, &c.

bewray—v. 3, 95. To accuse—give information—discover. From A.S. *wreġan*, to accuse.

bisson—ii. 1, 70. Blind (properly near-sighted). Hamlet ii. 2, 529: “Threatening the flames with *bisson* rheum:” (with *blinding* tears).

bless—i. 3, 48. So Spenser, *F. Q. i. 2*, 18, of a *blow* that turns aside and spares the knight: “And glauncing down his shield from blame him fairly blessed;” i. 9, 28, “God from him me bless!”

bolt—(or *boult*) iii. 1, 322. To sift. So Henry V. ii. 2, 138: “Such and so finely *boulted* didst thou seem.”

botcher—ii. 1, 98. A tailor who mends. To *botch* is to *patch*.

bower—iii. 2, 92. Where we now say *boudoir*. But, properly, it simply means a chamber. *Byre* is another form of the same word.

broil—iii. 1, 33. Confusion, tumult. Fr. *brouiller*, It. *broglio*, *imbroglio*. Hence *embroil*, *embroilment*.

brunt—ii. 2, 104. The front, the *hottest*, of the battle. From A.S. *byrnan*, Germ. *brennen* to burn; Germ. *brunst*, heat, passion.

bulk—ii. 1, 226. Any buttress or projection. So Othello, v. 1, 1: “Here, stand behind this bulk.”

C

capitulate—v. 3, 82. To settle the *heads*, or terms of an agreement.

carbonado—iv. 5, 199. Meat chopped or sliced for broiling. From Lat. *carbo*. Fr. *carbonade*,—“a rasher on the coals,” (Cotgrave). Hence, as a verb, to chop or slice. So Lear, ii. 2, 40—“Draw, you rogue, or I’ll so carbonado your shanks.” SPECTATOR, No. 324.—“Some are knocked down, others stabbed, others cut and carbonadoed.”

cautelous—iv. 1, 33. Cunning. Craik—on Jul. Cæs. ii. 1, 129, (“Swear priests and cowards and men cautelous,”)—says “*Cautelous* is given to *cautels*, full of *cautels*: cautious and wary, to the point of cowardice, if not to that of trickery. A *cautel*, from the Roman law-term *cautela* (a security) is mostly used in a discreditable sense by our old English writers;” and he compares Ham. i. 3, 15—

“And now no soil nor *cautel* doth besmirch
The virtue of his will.”

censure—i. 1, 272. ‘Criticism,’ favourable or unfavourable. Cp. ii. 1, 25. So “Censure me in your wisdom,” (*i.e.* form your opinion of me, for or against). Jul. Cæs. iii. 2, 18.

century—i. 7, 3. A hundred men. Cymb. iv. 2, 391, “a century of prayers;” Browning, “a century of sonnets.”

charter—i. 9, 14. “Has a charter,” is privileged. So As You Like It, ii. 7, 48, “As large a charter as the wind;” and Henry V. i. 1, 48, “The air, a chartered libertine.”

clip—i. 6, 29; iv. 5, 115: = *clasp*, (cp. *grip*, *grasp*.) embrace. So Oth. iii. 3, 464, “You elements that *clip* us round about.”

cockle—iii. 1, 70. A weed in corn.

cog—iii. 2, 133. To flatter, hence cheat (by flattery, as here; or otherwise). Merry Wives, iii. 3, 50, “Mistress Ford, I cannot cog; I cannot prate, Mistress Ford.” Othello, iv. 2, 132, “Some cogging, cozening slave.”

coign—v. 4, 1. Angle, corner. From *cuneus*. So Macb. i. 6, 7: “No jutting, frieze, buttress, nor coign of vantage.”

comfortable—i. 3, 2. Cheerful. So As You Like It, ii. 6, 9: “For my sake be comfortable.” And, in the active sense, “so divine and comfortable a thing.” (See *inclinable*.) The adjective is almost limited now (though the subst. and verb are not) to physical comforts.

companion—iv. 5, 14; v. 2, 65. Contemptuously, of an inferior, as still ‘fellow.’ So Jul. Cæs. iv. 3, 138, “Companion, hence;” 2 Henry VI. iv. 10, 33,

“Why, rude companion, whatsoe’er thou be,
I know thee not.”

competency—i. 1, 143. ‘Sufficiency,’ here ‘force,’ ‘energy;’ as ‘competent’ (like ‘sufficient’; “Who is sufficient for these things?”) means ‘able.’

complexion—(1) Physical constitution; (2) colour of the skin, “as marking a healthy or unhealthy constitution” (Wedgwood); (3) disposition or temper of the mind, as Merch. of Ven. iii. 1,

32, "And then it is the *complexion* of them all to leave the dam." In ii. 1, 228, of this play it seems to be used not of the *colour* but of the *expression* of the face. So Othello, iv. 2, 62,

"Turn thy *complexion* there,
Patience, thou young and rose-lipped cherubim,—
Ay, there, look grim as hell!"

And Winter's Tale, ii. 1, 381, "Your changed complexions are to me a mirror."

composition—iii. 1, 3. Agreement, arrangement of the terms of a treaty. So 'to compose a quarrel.'

con—iv. 1, 11. To learn, get by heart. From A.S. *connan*, to know.

condition—ii. 3, 103; v. 4, 10. Disposition, temper. So As You Like It, i. 2, 276—

"Yet such is now the duke's *condition*
That he misconstrues all that you have done."

Merch of Ven. i. 2, 143: "If he have the *condition* of a saint." So, still, 'ill-conditioned.'

confound—i. 6, 17. To consume. So 1 Henry IV. i. 3, 100,

"He did *confound* the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower."

convent—ii. 2, 58. To summon. So Henry VIII. v. 1, 52,

"Hath commanded
To-morrow morning to the council-board
He be *convented*."

crack—i. 3, 74. 'A youngster,' disparagingly. So 2 Henry IV. iii. 2, 32, "I see him break Skogan's head at the court-gate, when a' was a *crack* not thus high."

cranks—i. 1, 141. 'Windings,' the winding ducts, "the natural gates and alleys of the body."

curdied—v. 3, 66. Congealed. From a verb *to curdy*, (unless we should read *curded*, or *curdled*), formed from an adjective *curdy*; as, in All's Well, v. 2, 23, "muddied." *Curd*, sometimes spelt *crud*, (whence *curdle*, or *cruddle*, to clot, coagulate) is probably only another form of *crowd*, something lumped or massed together.

cunning—iv. 1, 9. Skill. From A.S. *connan* or *cunnan*, to know or to be able. "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her *cunning*." *Craft* (which means *strength*) has suffered, though not absolutely, the same degradation of meaning.

D

demerits—i. 1, 276. *Deserts*, in good sense. So Othello, i. 2, 22—

“My *demerits*

May speak unbonneted to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reached.”

We have in Latin *demereri*, always in good sense; in French *démérite*, in bad sense; and in English *demerit*, once neutral, now bad. The bad sense seems to have arisen, in French, from a confusion between *de* and *dis*, the latter having a negative or destructive force. This supposition may derive support from a reference to a theory of Max Müller's, (Lect. ii. p. 273, and foll.) viz., that the Frank conquerors of Gaul, speaking a Germanized Latin, dressed their own words in a Latin garb; converting, for instance, *unterhalten* into *entretenir*, *zukunft* into *l'avenir*, *unpass* into *malade*: and M. M. supposes that the conquered Gauls respectfully adopted the blunders of their conquerors. We may suppose that, conversely, the Germans found the Latin word *démérite*, mistook the *dé*—and misused it.

despite—iii. 1, 163. Contempt. From Fr. *dépit* (*déspit*): Lat. *despicere*, *despectus*.

determine—iii. 3, 43; v. 3, 120. To end, be settled.

doit—i. 5, 6; iv. 4, 17. A small coin. Germ. *Deut*. Merchant of Venice, i. 3, 128: “Take no *doit* of usance for my moneys.”

dotant—v. 2, 47 = dotard.

drench—ii. 1, 130. A draught. Henry V. iii. 5, 19,

“Can sodden water,

A *drench* for sur-reined jades, their barley-broth,
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?”

E

embarquement—i. 10, 22. Inhibition, arrest, restraint. From an old verb ‘to *embargue*’ (or ‘*embarge*’); Span. *embargar* (first meaning ‘to impede’); *embargo*. *Embargo*, in English, ‘seizure, in the name of the State, and detention in port, of ships about to sail;’ (“to lay an embargo on merchandise or shipping”).

empiric—ii. 1, 128: for *empirical*. An *empiric* is a quack; one who (*e.g.* in medicine) goes to work by the light of his own experience (*ἐμπειρία*), despising science and all ascertained conclusions.

emulation—i. 1, 218. Not, as now, confined to the good sense. In bad sense, as here, of ‘malicious rivalry.’

“My heart laments that virtue cannot live

Out of the teeth of *emulation*.”—Jul. Cæs. ii. 3, 13.

“Whilst *emulation* in the army crept.”—Tro. and Cress. ii. 2, 212.

entertainment—iv. 3, 49. *To entertain* is to maintain; e.g. to keep a servant; (as Two Gent. of Verona, ii. 4, 110, “Sweet lady, *entertain* him for your servant”), to keep an army in pay (as here), to set food before a guest, to keep a company amused, to cherish a thought or purpose.

envy—i. 8, 4; iii. 3, 57. To hate, maliciously, spitefully; iii. 3, 95, intrans. to be spiteful; iii. 3, 3, hatred, ill-will. So commonly in Shaks. e.g. Jul. Cæs. ii. 1, 164, “Like wrath in death and *envy* afterwards.”

F

favour—iv. 3, 9. Face. So As You Like It, iv. 3, 87: “The boy is fair, of female *favour*.”

fit—iii. 2, 33. A *struggle*, as with tears, laughter, death, passion, etc.; a convulsion; or the like. Lat. *pugno*, Germ. *fechten*, E. *fight*. To be distinguished from *fit* (or *fytte*), a canto; from A. S. *fittian*, to sing.

Spenser uses the word continually. It occurs in books I and 2 of the Faery Queen, with the epithets ‘bitter,’ ‘dying,’ ‘sharp,’ ‘furious,’ ‘furious loving,’ ‘frantic,’ ‘merry,’ ‘deadly’; and (ii. 3, 37), “Soon into *other fits* he was transmewed.” So probably it is used in Henry VIII. (iii. 1, 77), “I feel the *last fit* of my greatness.” So Macb. iv. 2, 17, “The *fits* o’ the season.”

flaw—(1.) as v. 3, 74. A squall or gust of wind. Radical meaning to *blow*. Swed. and Norse, *flaga*, in the same sense (Wedgwood), and Lat. *flare*.

(2.) A *crack* or *split*, connected with *flag* (of stone), and probably *flake* (= *fragment*; as of snow or shredded steel). Radical meaning to *break*. Sw. *flaga*, a breach: Old Norse, *flaga*, chips, splinters.

Mr. Wedgwood identifies (1) and (2) by the process of explaining (without evidence in either case)—(1.) as the *noise* of the wind, (2.) as the *noise* of the cracking or splitting.

fob—i. 1, 97. To fob, fob off; to delude, put off with a trick. “They may not think to *fob* us off with colourable testimonies”—BP. HALL.

“His excellence had each man *fobbed*
For he had sunk their pay.”—PRIOR.

fond—iv. 1, 26. Foolish. As still we call a vain hope *fond* *Fonne*, in Chaucer, is a fool. With the passage of the word through the limited idea of *foolish affection* to the general meaning *affectionate*, compare the successive meanings of *to dote*—which however never quite parts with the idea of folly.

fosset-seller—ii. 1, 79. A *fosset* (or *faucet*) is the tap of a barrel—a mouthpiece, outlet. Lat. *fauces*. The Fr. *fausser*, (quoted by Mr. Wedgwood as meaning to *pierce*,) means to *bend* or *spoil*, (*fausser une épée*, *fausser sa parole*;) only means something like *to pierce* in the phrase which he quotes, *fausser une serrure*, to *spoil* a lock in order to open it; and is derived from Lat. *fallere*.

G

gilt—i. 3, 43. Gilding, gold. So Henry V. Act ii. prol. 26, “The *gilt* of France.”

gird—i. 1, 260. The same word perhaps as *gride*: meant first *to strike* or *cut* (as in Chaucer, K. T. 1012, “*girt* with many a wound”); hence, metaph. of *railery* and *sarcasm*. So, as a subst., Tam. of Shrew, v. 2, 58, “I thank thee for that *gird*, good Tranio.”

gracious—ii. 1, 192. Graceful, beautiful. (“*Full of grace* are thy lips.” Ps. xlv. 2.) Merch. of Ven. iii. 2, 76, “A *gracious* voice.” Twelfth Night, i. 5, 281;

“And in dimension and the shape of nature
A *gracious* person.”

grain—Fibre of wood. Hence ‘against the grain’ (as ii. 3, 241,) when we speak of the resistance which has to be overcome by anything that runs counter to natural bent and prepossession.

H

having—v. 2, 62; subst. Cp. As You Like It, iii. 2, 396, “Your *having* in beard.”

his—i. 1, 133; iii. 1, 314: for *its*. *Its* never occurs in the authorized translation of the Bible. (Gen. i. 11, “It shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel.”) Shakspeare uses it, though seldom; e.g. in Meas. for Meas. i. 2, 4 (colloquially): “Heaven grant us *its* peace.” In the Winter’s Tale (one of the latest plays) it occurs a good many times; in one scene (i. 2.) *four* times, and not colloquially. Milton uses it rarely: (e.g. “The mind is *its* own place”). *Itself* is formed from the personal pronoun, like *himself*; not from the possessive, like *myself*. [See Craik’s English of Shakspeare.]

humorous—ii. 1, 51. One who gives way to the mood or caprice of the moment, capricious (here quick-tempered). Jul. Cæs. ii. 1, 250—

“ Hoping it was but an effect of *humour*,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.”

So As You Like It, i. 2, 278, “ The Duke is *humorous* ;” and again, ii. 3, 8. 2 Henry IV. iv. 4, 34—

“ As *humorous* as winter and as sudden
As flaws congealed in the spring of day.”

I

inclinable—ii. 2, 60. Inclining, inclined, disposed. We find the termination *-ble* (= Lat. *-bilis*) affixed—

A. to verb-stems (1.) passively potential, as *amiable*, that can, or ought to, be loved ; (2.) actively potential, as *capable*, that can contain, *durable*, *delectable* : (3.) More vaguely, to express *tendency*, as *conducible*, *agreeable*, and *inclinable* itself.

B. to noun-stems, to express *tendency*, (or *character*,) as *peaceable* (= peaceful), *forcible* (= forceful), *charitable*.

Now in Latin the termination *-bilis* occurs only with verb-stems, though in late Latin we get *amicabilis*. But in Italian, though it is more common with verb-stems, we find also, from nouns, *caritatevole*, *amicavole*, *forzevole*, etc. Horne Tooke's suggestion that the Italian termination *-vole* is the Teutonic *-vol* or *-ful* is both impossible and unnecessary ; *-vole* is only another form of *-bile*, as *bevere* = *bibere*, *nuvolo* = *nubes*.

We have therefore in English a Romance termination *-ble*, which attaches itself, as in Italian (and French), to substantives as well as verbs, expressing (1.) potentiality, (2.) tendency. And this is totally distinct from the Teutonic termination *-ful* ; though it may often happen that we find both terminations attached to the same noun, as is the case with *peaceable* and *peaceful*.

inherit—ii. 1, 215. To become possessed of : So Cymb. iii. 2, 63—

“ Tell me how Wales was made so happy as
To *inherit* such a haven.”

So “ for the *inheritance* of their loves ” (iii. 2, 68) = to gain their loves.

K

kam—iii. 1, 304. Adj. or adv., crooked, awry. “ A ship's deck is said to lie *cambering* when it does not lie level, but is higher in the middle than at the ends.”—BAILEY. Fr. *cambrer*, to crook. Stevens says, “ Vulgar pronunciation has corrupted

clean kam into *kim kam*," and quotes from Stanyhurst's translation of Virgil—1582—(for *studia in contraria*) "in *kym-kam* sectes." And in another old translation, "All goes topsy-turvy; all *kim-kam*; all is tricks and devices; all riddles and unknown mysteries."

L

'larum—i. 4, 9. See *Alarum*.

leasing—v. 2, 22. Lying, falsehood. A.S. *leas*, empty, false; *leasian*, to lie. So Ps. iv. 2, "Seek after *leasing*;" v. 6, "Speak *leasing*."

lieve—iv. 5, 186 = *liev*; adv. willingly. *As liev* = *as soon*. *Liever* (*liever*) = rather. *Lief* (adj.) = dear, of persons; agreeable, of things. (Germ. *lieben* to love.) So 2 Henry VI. iii. 1, 164, "My *lievest* liege;" Chaucer, K. T. 1839; "Al be him loth or lefe." Tennyson's combination "As thou art *liev* and *dear*" occurs often in Chaucer and other old writers.

limitation—ii. 3, 146. What is prescribed, appointed. So the verb, Macb. ii. 3, 56, "I'll make so bold to call: it is my *limited* service." Meas. for Meas. iv. 3, 175, "Having the hour *limited*, and an express command." Act of Uniformity of Eliz., sect. 27, "Service, administration of sacraments, or common prayer *limited*, established, or set forth to be used within this realm."

list—iii. 2, 128. To wish, take pleasure, (to do a thing). A.S. *lyst*, *lystan*; Germ. *lust*, our *listless*. Chaucer has *list*, *lust* (subst.) = pleasure; and *list* (verb impers.)—"me *list*" = it pleases me. Spenser uses the verb both personally and impersonally. In Shaks. it is always personal. He has "thou *list*" again, Temp. iii. 2, 138: and "she *list*" Tit. And. iv. 1, 100; Othello, ii. 3, 352.

lockram—ii. 1, 225. A kind of cheap linen.¹

lurch—ii. 2, 105. To filch, steal; as *to lurk* is to lie stealthily in wait. Merry Wives, ii. 2, 25, "I am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to *lurch*." Ben Jonson, *The Silent Woman*, v. 1, *ad fin.* "You have *lurched* your friends of the better half of the garland, by concealing this part of the plot."

M

malkin—ii. 1, 224. From Mall or Moll, the short for Mary, the kitchen wench.

mammock—i. 3, 71. To tear. Richardson quotes from Skelton [flor. 1490], "Whan *mammockes* was your meate," meaning scraps.

many—iii. 1, 66. Subst. the populace. As still when we say, 'a great many,' and Tennyson—"they have not shed a many tears, dear eyes" (= a many of tears). From O. E. *maneg*, Germ. *manch*, not to be confounded with Old Fr. *mesnée*, a household, (whence our *menial*) from *maison* (Lat. *mansio*, *manere*.)

memory—iv. 5, 77. Memorial. So, perhaps, v. 6, 155 monument. So Lear, iv. 7, 7: "These words are *memories* of those worser hours."

merely—iii. 1, 305. Absolutely. "Merely awry" now means only awry; awry and nothing more: then it meant utterly awry, awry and nothing less.

microcosm—From *μικρός* and *κόσμος*, a world in miniature. "Because in the little frame of man's body, there is a representation of the universal, and (by allusion) a kind of participation of all the parts there, therefore *man was called microcosmos, or the little world*."—RALEIGH, Hist. of the World, b. i. ch. 2. In the same sense, not only man in the abstract, but every man, is a microcosm in himself. So Lear, iii. 1, 10—

"Strives in his little *world of man* to out-scorn

The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain."

So ii. 1, 68, by the "map of his microcosm," Menenius means 'his individuality,' 'himself.'

moe—ii. 3, 132; iv. 2, 21: = more.

mummers—ii. 1, 83. Maskers, masqueraders. German, *mumme* a mask; *mummel* a bugbear (as Latin, *larva* = both a *mask* and a *goblin*). "The object of terror presented to the mind of the infant by the masked nurse (covering her face and crying Bo! or Mum!) is the primitive type of a bugbear."—WEDGWOOD.

muse—iii. 2, 7. To wonder. Fr. *muser*, to be absorbed in silent thought. Often in Shaks. of surprise or perplexity. 2 Henry VI. iii. 1, 1, "I *muse* my lord of Gloucester is not come."

mutiners—i. 1, 254. The older and probably correcter form of the word, from the verb *to mutine* (which occurs in Hamlet). So, too, Shaks. wrote *pioner*, not *pioneer*; but the lengthened termination here comes from the French *pionnier*.

N

nervy—ii. 1, 177. Nervous, strong.

O

offices—i. 1, 141. ‘Serviceable organs.’ Compare the ordinary local sense of the word ; ‘a place where official’ (or serviceable) ‘acts are performed.’

opinion—i. 1, 275. ‘Fame.’ So often ; as Tro. and Cress. i. 3, 142,

“The great Achilles, whom *opinion* crowns
The sinew and the forehead of our host ;”

and, in a similar sense, Mer. of Ven. i. 1, 91

“With purpose to be dressed in an *opinion*
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit.”

opposite—ii. 2, 23. Adversary. So Hamlet, v. 2, 62, “Between the pass and fell incensed points of mighty *opposites*.”

owe—iii. 2, 130 ; v. 2, 89. To own. So often : e.g. Macb. i. 4, 10

“To throw away the dearest thing he *owed*
As ’t were a careless trifle.”

The two words are etymologically the same. ‘I own money,’ *money* is my own, is my property, belongs to me. So ‘I ought to pay money’ : *to pay money* is my duty, is proper to me (or for me), and, in this sense, belongs to me. Lastly, “I owe money” (in the sense to which it is limited now) seems to be an elliptical expression for this. As ‘I owe obedience’ means ‘I owe’ (or ‘ought’) ‘to obey’ ; so ‘I owe money to you’ means ‘I owe’ for ‘ought’) ‘to make transfer or payment of money to you.’

P

paltering—iii. 1, 58. Trifling, (hence *paltry*), with an implied sense of shuffling or equivocating. So Jul. Cæs. ii. 1, 125, “Secret Romans, that have spoke the word, and will not *palter*.” Macb. v. 8, 19

“And be these juggling fiends no more believed,
That *palter* with us in a double sense.”

participate—i. 1, 107.: adj. for participant, or participative.

particular—iv. 7, 13 ; v. 1, 3. Subst. = particularity. ‘Your particular’ = what is particular to you, your private interest. So Tro. and Cress. ii. 2, 9, “As far as toucheth my particular.”—“In a most dear *particular*” (particularity of love) = with an especial degree of tenderness. Cp. Henry VIII. iii. 2, 189, “As ’t were in love’s particular.”

passable—v. 2, 13. That will pass ; current, as coin. So Bacon, *Essay* xlvi. : “It is better to take with the more *pass-*

able than with the more able." And, *Essay* li. : "To adhere so moderately, as he be a man of the one faction, which is most *passable* with the other, commonly giveth best way."

physical—i. 5, 19. Medicinal, restorative. So Jul. Cæs. ii. 1, 261,

"Is Brutus sick? and is it *physical*
To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours
Of the dank morning?"

pick—i. 1, 204. To pitch, throw. So "I'll *peck* you o'er the pales else."—Henry VIII. v. 4, 95.

policy—iii. 2, 42. Prudence. From *statecraft* the word passes into the meaning of *prudence* (as politic = prudent) and from this to *stratagem*, and even *cunning*.

poll—(1) iii. 1, 134. Number. *To poll* is to count by the head, from *poll*, a head. (2) iv. 5, 215. To shave—make smooth, lay bare. Richardson quotes from North's Plutarch, p. 280, "His death did so grieve them that they *polled* themselves, and clipped off their horses' and mules' hairs;" and from Blackstone, (Comm. b. ii. c. 20), "A deed made by one party only is not indented, but *polled* or shaved quite even; and, therefore, called a deed poll." The meaning 'to plunder' (common in our old writers) comes from the exactions of the tax-gatherer, who taxes by the poll.

port—i. 7, 1; v. 6, 6. Gate: (whence *portal*, *porter*, etc.) "within the *ports* of the daughter of Zion," Ps. ix. 14. (Prayer Book V.)

portance—ii. 3, 232. Behaviour, carriage. So *port* and *portage*.

possess—ii. 1, 145. To inform; ('to put in possession of the facts.') Mer. of Ven. i. 3, 65, "Is he yet *possessed* how much ye would?" iv. 1. 35, "I have *possessed* your grace of what I purpose."

post—v. 6, 50. Messenger, courier. So Mer. of Ven. ii. 9, 100, "Quick Cupid's post that comes so mannerly."

potch—i. 10, 15. To *poke*, thrust at. Same word as *poach*, "to *intrude on* another man's land in search of game." From Fr. *pocher*.

pound—i. 4, 17. = impound: from A.S. *pyndan*, to enclose. So *pond*, *pen*, *pin*, (as in *pinfold*). Wedgwood however derives it from Dutch *pand*, Germ. *pfand*, (whence *pawn*): impounded cattle being cattle taken in damage and retained as a pledge of restitution.

practice—iv. 1, 33. Treachery. Cp. *As You Like It*, i. 1, 156: "He will *practise* against thee by poison." *Othello*, v. 2, 292: "Fallen in the *practice* of a damned slave."

prank—iii. 1, 23. To deck, dress out. Germ. *prangen*, to make a show. A *prank* is a trick, a frolic: something done in bravado. *To prance* is properly to show off.

pressed—i. 2, 9=Impressed. Nothing to do with *prest*, 'ready,' (Latin *praesto*, Fr. *prêt*;) which could not be used as an active participle.

pretence—i. 2, 20. Intention, purpose. So *Macb.* ii. 3, 137: "The undivulged *pretence* of treasonous malice;" and ii. 4, 24, "What good could they *pretend*?" *Lear* i. 4, 75: "A very *pretence* and purpose of unkindness."

progeny—i. 8, 12=Progenitors. So 'offspring,' *Spenser F. Q.* i. 6, 30, "To see his sire and offspring ancient." And ii. 9, 60.

proper—i. 9, 57. (*Proprius*) own. 2 *Henry IV.* v. 2, 108,
"Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
That dares do justice on my *proper* son."

provand—ii. 1, 267. Provender. Lat. *praebenda* (*res praebenda*), whence *prebend*: Fr. *provende*: an allowance of food.

Q

quake—i. 9, 6. To cause to tremble. Steevens quotes from T. Heywood, *Silver Age* (1613), "We'll *quake* them at that bar where all souls wait for sentence."

quarry—i. 1, 202. From Fr. *curée*, Ital. both *corata* and *curata*: (derived from *cor*.) "The entrails of the game, given to the dogs at the death." The word was also written *cuyerie*, and came into English in the form of *querre* or *querry* (*Defendre la curée*, 'to keep the dogs from the game till it was properly prepared for them.') From this it came to mean simply the slain animal. (See Wedgwood.) This is certainly better than the derivation from *carrée* 'the square enclosure into which the game was driven.' Shakspeare here and elsewhere uses the word for a *heap of dead bodies*. So "This *quarry* cries on havoc," *Ham.* v. 2, 375. *Macb.* iv. 3, 205,

"To relate the manner
Were, on the *quarry* of these murdered deer,
To add the death of you."

quit—iv. 5, 89. From *quietus*. At rest, set free from any claim or obligation. A man is *quit* of his creditors when he has

paid his debts, *quit* of his enemies when he is revenged upon them. So to *be quits*. To *quite* or *requite* a service is to pay it back, so as to be free from the obligation. The adv. *quite* (or *quitely*, as in Chaucer,) means completely, "in a way that quits."

R

rack—v. 1, 16. To stretch, strain—as an economical steward does, for thrift. "Dutch *rekken*, Germ. *recken* to stretch. To *rack one's brains* is to strain them: *rack-rent* is rent strained to the uttermost."—WEDGWOOD. Richardson quotes from the *Arcadia*, b. i, "The court of affection, held by that *racking* steward, remembrance."

ransom—To redeem; (Fr. *rançon*, Lat. *redemptio*): but, i. 6, 36, to *release for ransom*. So Love's L. L. i. 2, 64, "I would take Desire prisoner, and *ransom* him to any French courtier for a new-devised courtesy."

rascal—i. 1, 163. Offscouring, refuse; connected with *to rasp*, and Span. *rascar*, *raspar*: It. *rascare*, to scrape. (Wedgwood). So As You Like It, iii. 3, 58, "The noblest deer hath them as huge as the *rascal*." 2 Henry IV. v. 4, 34, "Come, you thin thing, come, you *rascal*."

recreant—v. 3, 114. One who yields in battle; hence, coward, as F. Q. i. 4, 41. From Low Lat. *recredere*, a legal term, to give back or give up the subject of dispute; hence, to give in. "When slaves, upon trial of their claim to freedom, were found to have no just claim, they were said *recredere se* to their masters; hence those were said *recredere se* who acknowledged themselves defeated; and these were consequently degraded, disgraced."—RICHARDSON.

reechy—ii. 1, 225: (*reeky*, from *reek*, 'to smoke,') hot and reeking. So Hamlet iii. 4, 184, "His *reechy* kisses." (In Much Ado, iii. 3, 143, "The *reeky* picture" is "grimy," "blackened by the smoke.")

reek—iii. 3, 121. Vapour, miasma.

rejour—ii. 1, 79. = Adjourn; (from Fr. *jour*;) to put off to another day.

remain—i. 4, 63. Subst. So Macb. iv. 3, 148, "Since my *here-remain* in England."

recall—iv. 1, 41; iv. 7, 32; v. 5, 5. Recall (from exile).

retire—i. 3, 30. Used transitively. So often; e.g. Rich. II. ii. 2, 46, "That he, our hope, might have *retired* his power."

rote—iii. 2, 55. To repeat without meaning. “To *rote* is to hum a tune.

‘And if by chance a tune you *rote*

‘T will foot it finely to your note.’—DRAYTON.

The *rote* or *rut* is the roar of the sea. To learn a piece by *rote* is to fix it in the mind like the notes of a tune, so as to be able to repeat it without thinking of the meaning of the words.”—WEDGWOOD.

rub—iii. 1, 60. Hindrance. So K. John iii. 4, 128—

“Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little *rub*
Out of the path.”

Henry V. v. 2, 33, “What *rub* or what impediment.” Hamlet iii. 1, 65, “To sleep, perchance to dream : ay, there’s the *rub*.”

ruth—i. 1, 201. Pity—whence *ruthless*. Subst. from verb to *rue*; Germ. ‘*reuen, Reue*.’

S

scale—Besides passages where it has its usual meaning from *scalæ*, a ladder, the word occurs in Shakspeare five times. (1) Ant. and Cle. ii. 5, 95, “A cistern for *scaled* snakes.” Here a mere epithet, = scaly. So probably (2) Tro. and Cress. v. 5, 22, “And there they fly or die, like *scaled* sculls (= shoals) before the belching whale.” There remain (3) Meas. for Meas. iii. 1, 266, “By this is your brother saved . . . and the corrupt deputy *scaled* :” and, in this play, (4) i. 1, 95, “To *scale* it (the fable) a little more :” (5) ii. 3, 257, “*Scaling* his present bearing with his past.” In (5) *scaling* is commonly explained as = *weighing* (from *scales* of a balance): but this meaning does not suit (3) and (4) at all, and suits (5) only imperfectly, the obvious sense of ‘weighing his present bearing with his past’—weighing one *against* the other—being inadmissible. But to *scale* also means to pick or strip off the husk, peel, outside of a thing. So, in colloquial Scotch, ‘Has the church *scaled*?’ means ‘Are they out of church?’ So we have *scale* (of a fish), *scull*, *scall*, (= scurf, whence *scalled* or *scald head*) *scalp*, *shale*, *shell*: Germ. *schale*; Ital. *scaglia*; Fr. *escaille*. Horne Tooke derives all these words (and more) from the A.S. *scylan*, to separate. So, he says, *skill* is *discernment*: *it skills not*, in our old writers, means ‘it makes no difference;’ and he quotes from Beaumont and Fletcher, “I *skill not* what it is.” So too (in Lancashire dialect,) *to scale the fire*, *i.e.* to poke it and clear it when it is crusted. Cp. Gr. *σκαλεῖν* (τοῦς ἀνθρακας.) Cp. also *σκόλλειν*, to strip, *σκόλα*, spoils. This meaning suits all our three passages. The corrupt deputy will be unmasked, exposed, discerned. Menenius proposes to look a little more deeply into the inner meaning of

the fable which all his hearers have heard, but not discerned, before. The people have found, taking the behaviour of Coriolanus to pieces and scrutinizing it carefully, present and past together, that under the covering of compliance the old hate still rankles.

scandal—iii. 1, 44. To malign, defame. Cp. Jul. Cæs. i. 2, 76, "That I do fawn on men . . . and after *scandal* them." So *to scandalize*, 1 Henry IV. i. 3, 154, "We in the world's wide mouth live scandalized."

second—i. 8, 15. The part of the seconder or backer: generally, the person, as i. 4, 43.

seld-shown—ii. 1, 229. *Seld* for *seldom* occurs again in Tro. and Cress. iv. 5, 150. "As *seld* I have the chance."

sennet—ii. 1 and 2, (stage directions): a flourish of trumpets.

sensible—i. 3, 95. Sensitive. So Jul. Cæs. i. 3, 18—

"And yet his hand,

Not *sensible* of fire, remained unscorched."

Merch. of Ven. ii. 8, 48, "With affection wondrous *sensible*." So '*sensibly*' Cor. i. 4, 53. "We have *senseful, sensitive, sensible*:—'full of sense'—'which can feel'—'which may be felt.' Yet it is not very uncommon to hear persons talk of a *sensible* man, who is very *sensible* of the cold and of any *sensible* change in the weather."—HORNE TOOKE, Div. of Purley.

shent—v. 2, 104. Part. of *to shend*, to disgrace, to shame. A.S. *scendan*: German, *schanden*.

show—iii. 3, 50; iv. 5, 68; iv. 6, 114; v. 3, 137. To appear. So, As You Like It, i. 3, 83. "And thou wilt show more bright."

single—ii. 1, 40; = weak, poor; (from the notion of *unhelped, alone*.) So Macb. i. 3, 140, "Shakes so my *single* state of man;" i. 6, 16, "Poor and *single* business;" 2 Henry IV. i. 2, 207, "Your chin double, your wit single." Cp. Spenser F. Q. i. 7, 11, "His bootless, *single* blade;" (sword without shield or other weapons): i. 8, 12; ii. 3, 12.

singularity—i. 1, 282. 'Excellence,' 'distinction.' So Twelfth N. ii. 5, 164, "Cast thy humble slough and appear fresh . . . put thyself into the trick of *singularity*:" *i.e.* affect a distinguished air, an air of superiority. Winter's Tale, v. 3, 11—

"Your gallery

Have we passed through, not without much content
In many *singularities*."

And so Shakspeare always uses the adj. : "of singular integrity:" "singular in his art:" "so singular in each particular."

sithence—iii. 1, 47. Since.

slight—v. 2, 110: slightness, iii. 1, 148; Feebleness. *Slight* (Germ. *schlecht*) = poor, mean, worthless; as Jul. Cæs. iv. 1, 12, "This is a *slight*, unmeritable man."

sooth—ii. 2, 77; iii. 1, 69. To flatter. **soothing**, i. 9, 44, Flattery. So 1 Henry IV. iv. 1, 6,

"I cannot flatter; I do defy
The tongues of *soothers*."

sowl—iv. 5, 213. "To *sowle* one by the ears (Lincolnshire) —to pull by the ears as dogs pull swine, (Grose). The word is common in Nottingham and other parts northerly, as well as in Suffolk."—RICHARDSON.

stall—ii. 1, 226—of a shop or booth; anything on which commodities are laid and exposed for sale. So Mids. N. D. iii. 2, 10, "Upon Athenian *stalls*." From *stabulum*, that on or in which anything stands.

stamp—Either (1) the impression, or (2) the instrument which makes the impression, as ii. 2, 112, of this play, "death's *stamp*," or (3) the thing marked or stamped, as Macb. iv. 3, 153, "a golden *stamp*." Or again metaphorically *character*, (its Greek equivalent) as 'stamp of merit,' 'stamp of honour;' or, more generally, form, fashion, make, as Cor. i. 6, 23, "The *stamp* of Marcius;" 1 Henry IV. iv. 1, 4, "A soldier of this season's *stamp*."

state—v. 4, 22. Canopied chair of state. Twelfth N. ii. 5, 50, "Sitting in my *state*." Macb. iii. 4, 5, "Our hostess keeps her *state*;" and Milton P. L. x. 445: "Under *state* of richest texture spread," = canopy.

sterve—ii. 3, 129; iv. 2, 51. This, the reading of the first three Folios, should probably be retained. The word (of which *starve* is a later form) is common in Chaucer (*to sterven*: Germ. *sterben*) and in Spenser, in its first and wider meaning, *to die*. Here, probably, = starve, to suffer extremities of cold or hunger.

strain—v. 3, 149. Disposition. From A.S. *strynan*, to beget; *strynd*, stock, race. The word passes (as *breed* does) from the original meaning, 'race' or 'family,' (as Jul. Cæs. v. 1, 59, "If thou wert the noblest of thy *strain*;" and in Chapman's Homer, Hymn to Venus, "Happiest of the human *strain*,") to that of 'hereditary disposition' (as Lear, v. 3, 40, "Sir, you have shewn to-day your valiant *strain*;") then comes to be applied, as here, to any innate disposition, any feature or trait of character. So Merry Wives, ii. 1, 91, "Unless he know some *strain* in me, that I know not myself;" and Tro. and Cress. ii. 2, 154, "So degenerate a *strain*;" Cymb. iii. 4, 95, "A *strain* of rareness." (Wedgwood quotes from Jamieson's Dict. of

Scottish Lang. "He has a *strynd* or *strain* of his grandfather," *i.e.* resembles him. Comp. the uses of *trait*—*les traits de son père*, and *un trait de fripon* or *de friponnerie*.)

sufferance—i. 1, 22. "What we suffer," "suffering;" iii. 1, 24: "How we suffer," "endurance."

surcease—iii. 2, 121. To omit, postpone. Shakspeare uses the subst. too. Macb. i. 7, 4, "And catch, with his surcease, success." Fr. *surseoir*, (to postpone); our *supersede*, make secondary.

T

tent—i. 9, 31; iii. 1, 236. To probe, (search, try,) a sore; from *tentare* (= *tempt* from *temptare*): as *probe* from *probare*. Haml. ii. 2, 626, "I'll tent him to the quick."

testy—ii. 1, 47. Headstrong, heady, (from old F. *teste*): irascible.

tetter—Generally subst.; a disease of the skin: iii. 1, 79, verb, to fasten upon the skin, as such diseases do.

that—After conjunctions, as *since*, *because*, *for* (= because), *if*, *though*, *but*: and relatives, as *when* (v. 6, 43). Conjunctive use of *that*, as of *quod* in Latin, is properly *relative*. Cp. *Quod* (conj.) *vivo*, *tuum est*, with *quod* (rel.) *mihi superest vitæ, tuum est*: and, in English, "That I live, &c.," with "Life that remains to me, &c." Cp. also in Greek $\delta\tau\iota$ and $\delta\theta\iota$: and note the use of such expressions as $\acute{\epsilon}\nu\ \varphi\acute{\iota}, \acute{\alpha}\nu\theta\prime\ \acute{\omega}\nu$, resolvable into demonstrative and conjunction.) The word is in both uses an *article* which articulates or defines a *clause*, makes it grammatically coherent—only in the pronominal use entering itself into the construction of its clause. It is in this *articulating* sense that the conjunction *that* is used after conjunctions and relative words, whether pleonastically—or, rather, elliptically, so that *e.g.* "when that we looked" = "when *this* [was so] *that* we looked." Comp. *whenas*, *whereas*: and in early Greek the adhesion of the conjunctive and relative $\tau\epsilon$ to all relative words whatsoever, as permanently to $\delta\varsigma$, $\acute{\omega}\varsigma$, $\acute{\omicron}\iota\omicron\varsigma$.

translate—ii. 3, 197. To transform. So Mids. N. D. iii. 1, 121, "Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art *translated*."

U

unbarbed—iii. 2, 99. See paper on 'New Shaksperian Interpretations' (*Edinburgh Review*, Oct. 1872). *Barb*, (which

must of course not be confounded with *barba*, a beard, whence *barb* of an arrow,) is a corruption of *bard*, and means properly armour or trappings of a horse, especially its head-gear. So Fr. *bardes*, and generally *bardé* = ornamented, as *bardé de cordons*; Sp. and It. *barda*, horse-armour or trappings. Diez suggests for the Sp. *albarda* (a pack-saddle) an Arabic derivation. Cp. Browning, James Lee, "No cricket, I'll say, but a war-horse, *barded* and chanfroned too." The Reviewer adds that Chaucer uses *barbe* for a hood, covering the head and shoulders.

unclog—iv. 2, 47. Relieve (my heart) of what clogs it; oppression, weight that chokes it, stops its action. *Clog* = clod: a lump, a heavy mass.

unscanned—iii. 1, 313. Unconsidered, rash. So Hamlet iii. 3, 75, "That would be *scanned*."

usher—ii. 1, 174. (Or husher): Fr. *huissier*, Lat. *ostiarius*, It. *usciera*: a door-keeper, one who introduces, or in general who leads the way; (e.g. in the scholastic sense, into the precincts of learning).

V

vail—iii. 1, 98. To lower, abase. Tam. of Shrew, v. 2, 176, "Then *vail* your stomachs," (your pride): and Mer. of Ven. i. 1, 28, (of a ship) "*Vailing* her high-top lower than her ribs."

variable—ii. 1, 228. Various. So Hamlet iii. 1, 180, "*Variable* objects."

vent—iv. 5, 238. Explained and illustrated by the writer of the paper on 'New Shaksperian Interpretations' (*Edinburgh Review*, Oct. 1872), as a technical term in hunting. To *vent* the game, he says, is to wind or scent it; and he supposes that war is conceived as a dog full of the excitement of the chase, and straining at the leash.

But Shakspeare nowhere uses the word in this sense, and uses it often, both as verb and noun, in its ordinary sense. Thus 2 Hen. IV. Induct. 2, "To stop the *vent* of hearing." Tro. and Cress. v. 3, 82, "Thy wounds do bleed at many *vents*;" (where *vent* = passage, inlet or outlet.) Ant. and Cle. v. 2, 352, "Here on her breast there is a *vent* of blood;" (i.e. a trickling stream,) and, exactly as in Coriolanus, All's Well, ii. 3, 213, "Thou didst make tolerable *vent* of thy travel;" (where *vent* = utterance.)

vouch—(Avouch): i. 9, 24; iii. 1, 300. To affirm, assert: properly, the rights of another when impugned. ii. 3, 124, subst. 'vote,' 'support.'

W

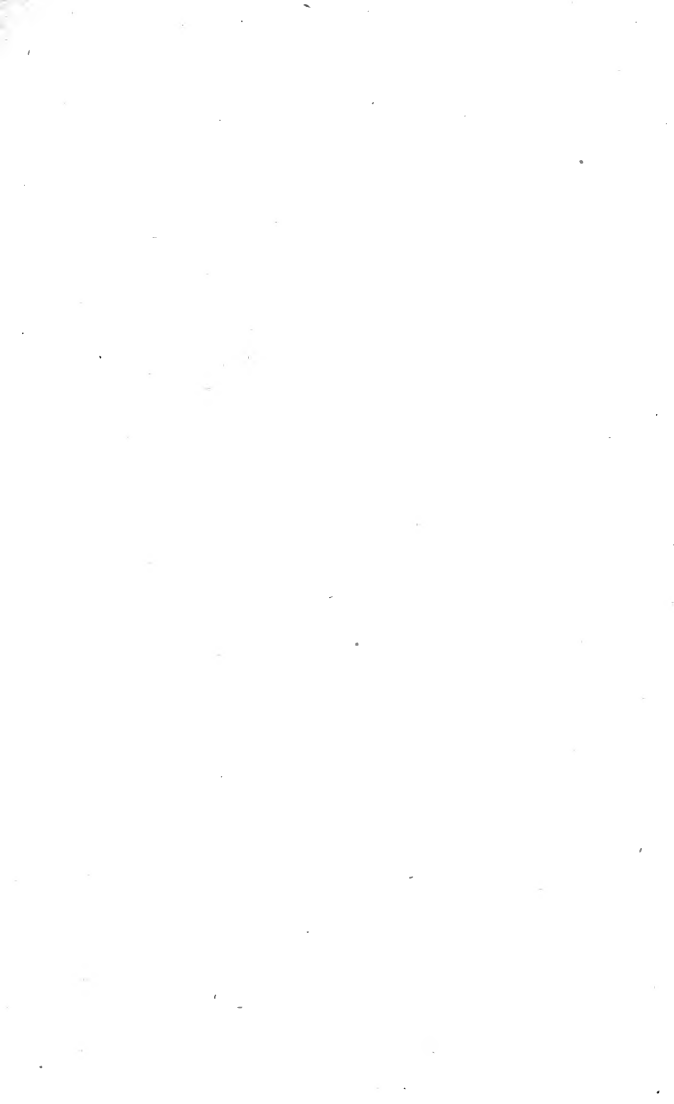
weal—i. 1, 155; iii. 1, 176. Well-being, prosperity: ii. 3, 189; = common weal, commonwealth, state. So Macb. iii. 4, 76: "Ere human statute purged the gentle *weal*."

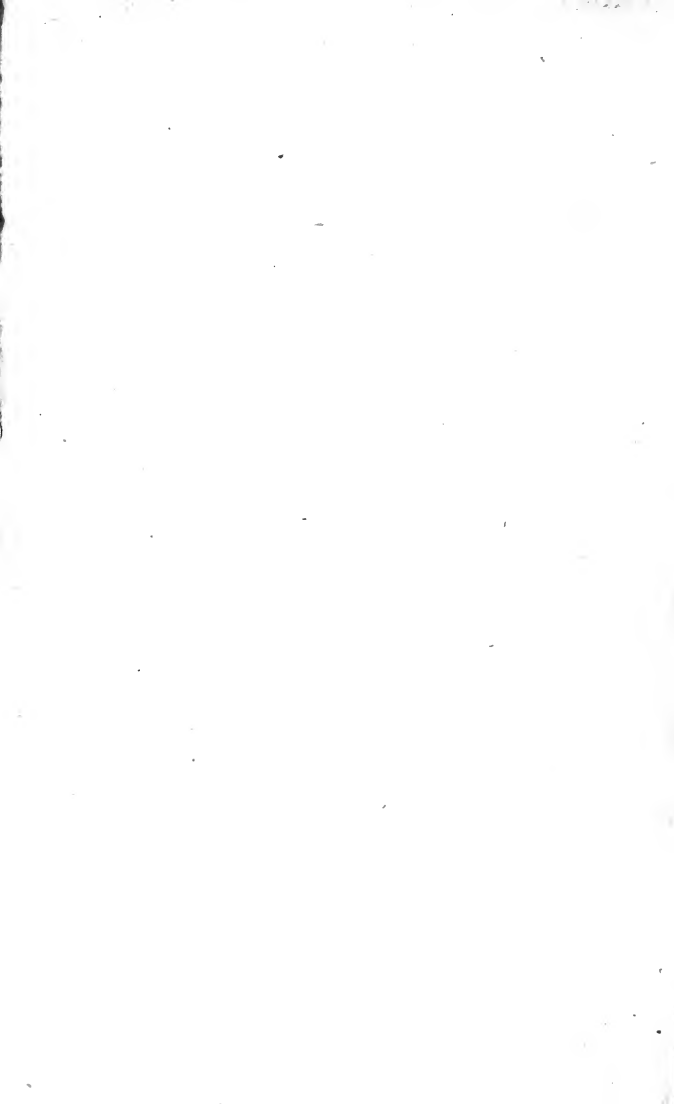
wealsman—ii. 1, 59. Statesman. See weal.

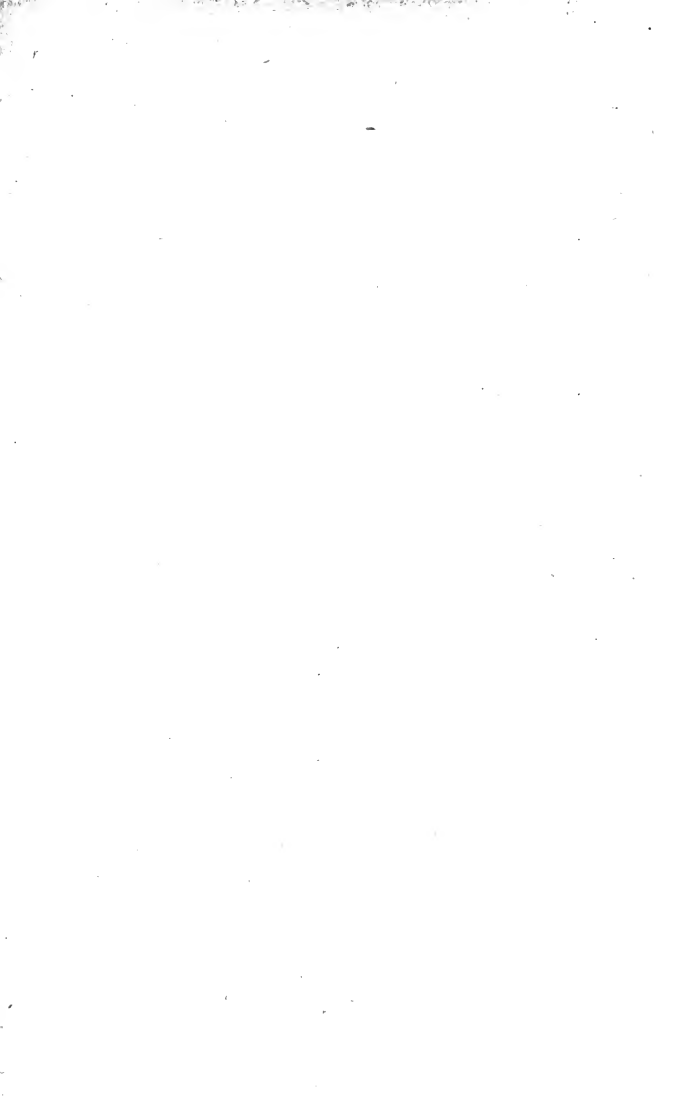
weed—ii. 3, 229: weeds, ii. 3, 161, clothes. From A.S. *wæd*. So still, "widow's weeds."

where—i. 1, 104; 10, 13: = Whereas.

wreak—iv. 5, 91: (subst.) resentment, revenge. So Tit. And. iv. 3, 33, "Take *wreak* on Rome for this ingratitude." From A.S. *wrecan*, to drive, (whence perhaps *wrack*, drift of the sea, and *rack*, drift of the sky,) pursue. Spenser (F. Q. ii. 3, 12, 13, 14) has "to *wreak* a hateful deed," (= to punish), and (the modern usage) "to *wreak* enmity," "to *wreak* despite." Cp. Gareth and Lynette, p. 24, "Kill the foul thief and *wreak* (= avenge) me for my son." Cp. ἐπεξελεθεῖν, either δίκην or φόνον: *exsequi*, either *ultionem* or *scelus*.







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